BONUS VIDEO GAME POSTER INSIDE!
EVERWOOD • DAVID LETTERMAN • HOWARD STERN
IND
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UNITED STATES
#441 MAY 2004 $3.50 CHEAP!
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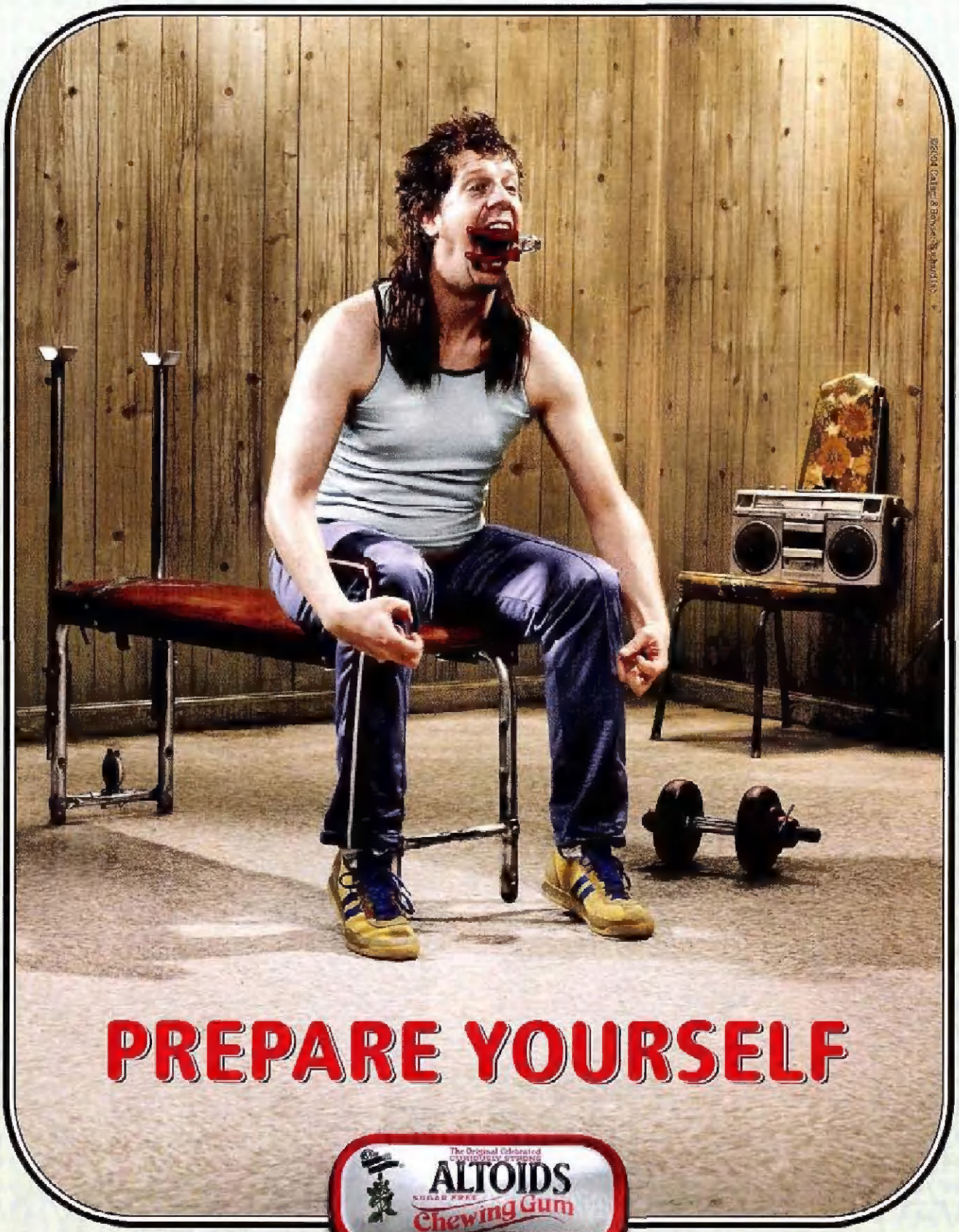

THE CURIOUSLY STRONG GUM

curious? altoids.com

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Most people still believe in a hard day's work, but they also believe it should be spread out over the course of a week or two!
ALFRED E. NEUMAN

MAD

MAY 2004 NUMBER 441

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FRONT COVER ARTIST: MARK FREDRICKSON
DOG POSTER ARTIST: SCOTT BRICHER

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A POKE IN THE SIZE

I am a new subscriber to your magazine. It is hilarious! However, I do have one negative comment — your magazine is very thin! I'm holding MAD #437 right now and it's only about 60 pages long! *Highlights For Kids* is longer than this! Your magazine is funny, but it would be much better if it had more features to it. Just a suggestion, but with so many things to make fun of in these times, your magazine should be 300 pages long!

Matt Wood, Millington, MD

Matt Hatter — Oh, you're a new subscriber? That's too bad! As recently as last year, each issue clocked in at a fat 400 pages! Of course, 340 of said pages were illegally-reprinted Goofus and Gallant cartoons! (We can't begin to tell you how sad we were when we received the cease and desist notice — that Goofus is a real cut-up!) Thanks for subscribing to our puny magazine! —Ed.

ALFRED LOOK-A-LIKE

When I received my issue of MAD, I immediately noticed that your pick for the Alfred E. Neuman look a like contest looks nothing like Alfred E. Neuman! So, lucky for you, I've decided to help you guys out. I have enclosed the ultimate Alfred E. Neuman look-a-like — my seven-year-old cousin, Nicholas Nemier.

Megan Nemier,
Chateaugay, NY

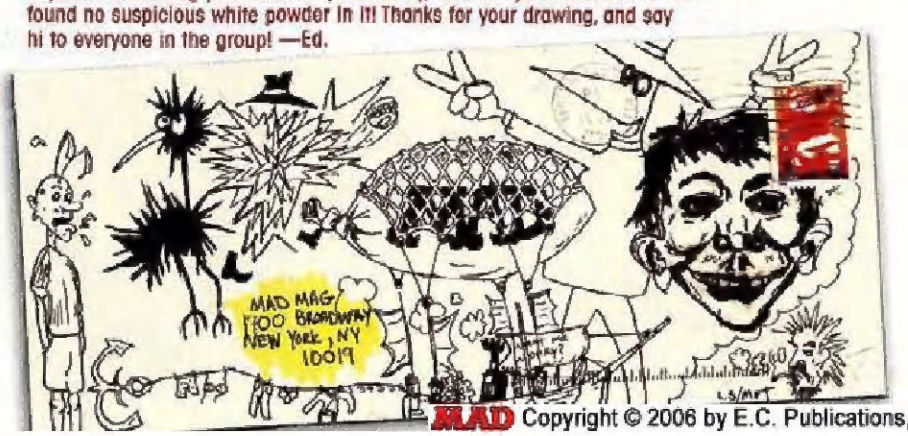
Square Meg — No doubt this will be a bittersweet moment in young Nicholas' life. We offer our sympathetic congratulations to Nicholas on his Alfred look-a-like status. We hope it is not the highlight of an otherwise awkward and painful adolescence! Bongo, Megan! —Ed.

ENVELOPE OF THE MONTH

I must say that I was rather disappointed with all of the envelope "art" in MAD #438. Yes, my Alfred E. sucks, but the rest of my envelope is good stuff — that's me in the bottom right. Anyway, this is my first letter to you folks and, therefore, my first envelope, but you can expect many, many more as I intend to get really good at drawing Alfred. I will become the omnipotent ruler of all things Letter Art, or at least give you all a good laugh trying. Jim Hutchings is going down!

Dan Root, Pittsfield, MA

You Can't Handle the Root — Judging by your "artwork," we're glad the asylum is nurturing your "creativity"! Actually, we were just relieved that we found no suspicious white powder in it! Thanks for your drawing, and say hi to everyone in the group! —Ed.



SCHLOCK THE VOTE

I am very disappointed in the activity level of the Monroe Fan Club. The Fan Club has been dormant now for about a year and many members have become anxious. Ken McClelland, currently inactive, was appointed as the first President and founder of the Monroe Fan Club in April 2002. During his administration, the Monroe Fan Club passed the Nomenclature Act, which gave Monroe a last name. However, this policy was never acknowledged by the President and therefore has not progressed beyond a list of last name suggestions. I think it is time for the common MAD readers such as myself to ask ourselves: Is it time for a new person to step up and bring the Monroe Fan Club back to its former glory? I hereby would like to impeach President McClelland due to his inactivity and offensiveness to the very editors who appointed him. I would also like MAD readers to vote in an election for a new President, and I would like to be the first one to nominate myself. Thank you for your time, and I wish whoever is elected a promising future in the progression of the Monroe Fan Club. And remember, vote Driver in '04.

Robert Driver, Melrose Park, PA

Drunk Driver — You make some valid comments and some bold claims. In truth, Monroe Fan Club President Ken McClelland has been slacking off in his duties. So we'll make like the good people of California and begin our own ill-conceived recall election! No signatures needed, no petitions required — just send in your name with a brief explanation of why you are best-suited to wrestle power from that bureaucratic fat-cat Ken McClelland. We will showcase the strongest candidates and give you, dear readers, the chance to vote. Act now, before the ballot fills up with C-list celebrities, hack comedians and porn stars. Send your platforms to: Amy "The Big Pollster" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, NY, NY 10019! —Ed

TO READ OR NOT TO READ

I have just started to subscribe to MAD and I am overly addicted! This is the first magazine that I don't just flip through and look at the pics, I actually read it (which is saying a lot)!

Bryce Young, The Woodlands, TX

Bryce-A-Roni — We certainly salute your determination in reading the entire magazine. We only got halfway through your rambling missive before just giving up (which is saying a lot)! Next time, include some pics to keep us interested! Fa fa fa! —Ed.

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MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS

Randy Jackson with Tyler Ofria

Enclosed is a picture of my son, Tyler Ofria, with Randy Jackson. We were in Maui, Hawaii this summer and our family was staying at the same hotel as his family. He was very gracious when my son asked him to pose with MAD.

Laura Ofria, Woodland Hills, CA

Boy oh boy! We've said it before and we'll say it again, MAD readers vacation in some of the most exotic and beautiful locales! It reminds us of our cross-country bus tour (not on Greyhound, mind you — we're not made of money). And while MAD readers hobnob with stars like *American Idol* judge Randy Jackson, we met many colorful characters as well — such as Fred, the bait shop owner, eBay enthusiast Beatrice and, on a far less glamorous note, *90210*"star" Ian Ziering (he was the driver of the bus on the Tucson to Vegas leg of the trip)! Congrats on your three-year subscription, dawg — and your vastly-superior travel agent! —Ed.

Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™

After many months of racking my brain, I have been trying to come up with a dumb wish for the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™*. I finally realized that my dumb wish is to work for MAD magazine. What's really dumb about it is that I don't want to be paid an exorbitant amount of money and I want to do everything imaginable from getting coffee to counting how many times the word "the" was used in the latest issue. How about it? Give a girl a break and find it in your hearts to let her learn from the wise and influential minds of MAD.

Elizabeth Bimbra, Brooklyn, NY

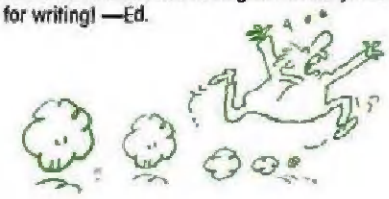
Lil' Bim — Thank you for your letter to the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™*. As it happens, you're in luck. With intern season right around the corner, we can help you make your dumb wish come true. You want to work for us and not make a lot of money? How does NO money sound? Still with us? Great! If you are a college student all you have to do is apply to the MAD summer internship program. The sooner you apply, the sooner we get our free labor. Good luck! —Ed.

THE BIG TEACHERS PET

Way back in 1979, I got my first job as a replacement teacher. My most challenging class was called "Basics." This was a literature class for kids who never opened a book before now and saw no reason to do so, no matter how much I threatened or cajoled them! Finally, in desperation, I photocopied one of your articles, I think it was a take-off of "Casey at the Bat." Well, the kids in the sophomore "Basics" class took one look at the obviously MAD-derived cartoons surrounding the text and decided I was all right — they made attempts to actually read! Now for the bad part. Not for the first time that year, I found myself called into the principal's office — this time to explain exactly why I had used a MAD cartoon in class! I tried to explain my logic, but was told not to do it again. Needless to say, I did, but I warned the kids not to tell their parents what we were up to in class!

Fiona Gierzynski, Wheaton, IL

Fifi — We are kindred spirits! Over the years, we have certainly spent our fair share of time in the principal's office (at least you were getting paid). On the other hand, knowing you've been using MAD to teach kids for the last 25 years does shed some light on why test scores are plummeting for American students. (Seriously, even the Swedes are kicking our asses!) Thanks for writing! —Ed.



IT AIN'T EASY BEING DEAN

Signaling what could be the final nail in the coffin of Howard Dean's Presidential hopes, *USA Today* recently ran the following cartoon. Since this run didn't pan out for you, Dr. Dean, may we suggest that it's not too late to toss your hat in the ring to become President of the Monroe Fan Club. Yaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!!!

The Big Easel

Here is my entry for "The Big Easel." It is made from yarn on plastic canvas. I am an inmate at Montana State Prison and this is what I do for a hobby. I also make boxes with pictures, picture frames and other projects.

Ken Burch, Deer Lodge, MT

It's yo Burch-day — We always enjoy getting MAD-inspired art from our incarcerated readers and we can tell you have a big talent. We're sure that in addition to the handicrafts listed above, you make some of the most beautiful and collectible shivs on the entire cellblock! —Ed.

P.S. Even if you aren't spending time in The Big House, we still want your Big Easel stuff! (Hell, even if you're on the lam, take a minute to drop us a line!) Send pics of your creative efforts to Amy "The Big Easel" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019.

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WHEN THE QUIT HITS THE FANS

Way back in MAD #438, we asked readers to send in their opinions about Jake Savage giving up his role as the "MAD fan that writes every month." The reader outcry was positively staggering! In a time when America most needs a hero, Jake Savage is being called upon to pick up that gauntlet! The readers have spoken, Jake, and we look forward to getting next month's letter (not that we'll necessarily print it). Below is just a small selection of letters from Jake's legions of supporters. Thanks to all who wrote in!

Please, Jake, don't deny us your vision, your beauty or your loveliness. I cannot thrive or survive without your words of hope and wisdom. I will turn to a life of petty crime, drug use, compulsively eating coffee ice cream and possibly have to cancel my MAD subscription. Do you really want that on your shoulders? Do you really want MAD to go bankrupt over losing my business? Keep writing — if not for yourself, Jake, do it for your loyal fans like me.

Gloria Tarantino, Gladwin, MI

A few more letters and you could become Assistant Editor, poised for the number one spot. You are riding the wave, Jake!

Jerry Severino, Chicago, IL

Jake, don't quit now. You're everyone's inspiration to write in and express their feelings to what the magazine really means to them. Don't give up on your dreams!

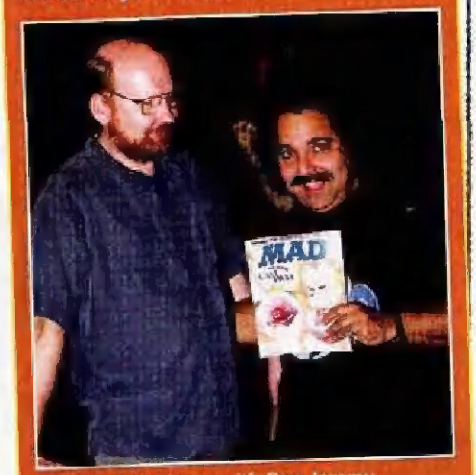
Tim Kelly, Santa Cruz, CA

I read about Jake and since he's retiring from being the MAD fan who writes every month, I was wondering if I could. If you allow me the honor, I promise my next letter will be more interesting!

Dylan McAdam, Laconia, NH

MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS II

Continuing with our Reality TV-themed Celebrity Snaps, we are mildly delighted to bring you "adult film" star/*The Surreal Life* participant Ron Jeremy. Congratulations to the visibly-uncomfortable Bob Krotts of Kettering, OH for his three-year subscription!

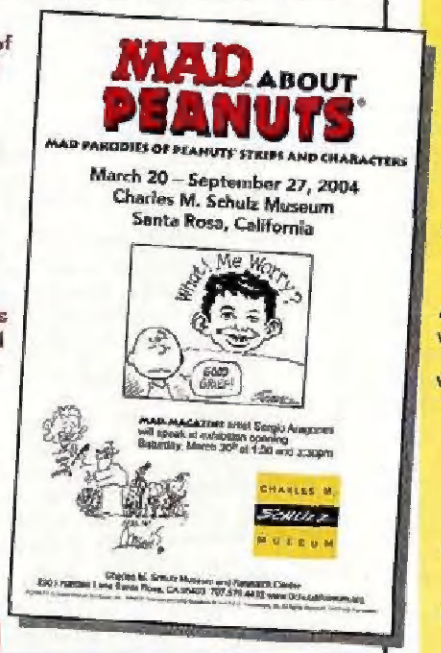


Bob Krotts with Ron Jeremy

READER ALERT!

If you're a college student, apply now to become a MAD summer intern! Go to our website, www.madmag.com or write to Amy Vozeolas, Internship Information, MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, NY, NY 10019 for all the information you need!

For fans of MAD and Charles Schulz's *Peanuts* you will want to visit the Charles Schulz Museum to see this wonderful exhibit — enjoy!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FIRST PEEK AT THE NEW *HARRY POTTER* MOVIE!

NEXT MONTH IN MAD XL #27 ON SALE MAY 18!

ARTIST OF THE MONTH RICK TULKA AND OUR OUT OF THIS WORLD *X-FILES* SPOOF!

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the usual gang of idiots

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THE FUNDALINI

CELEBRITY CAUSE-OF-DEATH BETTING ODDS

OUR TEAM OF CRACK ODDSMAKERS GIVES YOU THE LATEST VEGAS LINE ON HOW ONE OF TODAY'S BIGGEST STARS WILL MEET HIS DEMISE!

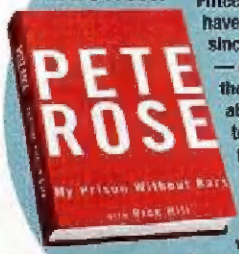
This month:

ASHTON KUTCHER

CAUSE OF DEATH	ODDS
Trips over Demi Moore's walker	12:1
"Framed," then executed, by Gov. Schwarzenegger as personal favor to Bruce Willis	18:1
Vaporized by North Korean A-bomb in *PUNK'D* prank gone horribly wrong	30:1
Starves to death after decent haircut and wardrobe-makeover ruin his career	35:1
Explodes in rage after umpteenth time being mistaken for valet parker at own film premiere	40:1

BEST SELLERS

THIS MONTH:



CUT DOWN TO SIZE

Fifteen years have passed since the "incidents" — I've paid my debt. Even though I spent those 15 years lying about those incidents, I want you to believe I suddenly started telling the truth now. I never gave bookies any inside information and I never bet against my team, so as an addicted gambler who broke our national pastime's most sacred rule, I'm a pretty ethical guy. Now *pleeeeease* let me back into baseball.

THE GODFREY REPORT

IN	FIVE MINUTES AGO	OUT
Dirges	Chanties	Rounds
Shunning	Public Flogging	Walking the Plank
"Screw You!"	"Up Yours!"	"Bite me!"

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Puppy Placers 555-2744

JUNIOR

8-yr-old male choc. Lab/Shepherd mix, neutered. Loves other dogs, children, your guest's crotch.

COCOA

Loyal, energetic 4-year-old female English Springer Spaniel mix. Excitedly pees on newly refinished hardwood floor each evening the second you come home from work.

TWO PETS IN ONE

Wilmina is a beautiful 3-yr-old tan/blk Chow Chow mix; Randit is the little white worm sticking out of her butt. Both love snuggling in bed with you.

DIABLO

Feisty 85-lb. Pitbull, male, rescued from an illegal gambling ring. Loves babies!

BITTERMAN

Wow, what a great day!
No one's bothered me, insulted me, or accused me of anything.
No jag-off has cut in front of me on a bank line. None of my lousy relatives has referred to me as "a good-for-nothing jobless slacker who mooches off his sister all the time."
I haven't heard from my cell phone company, MasterCard, or any of my other creditors.
Yessir, it's been a great day.
9:00
I guess I better get out of bed.

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PAGES

NEW SOCIALLY ACCEPTABLE STEREOTYPES

TO REPLACE OLD, SOCIALLY UNACCEPTABLE STEREOTYPES

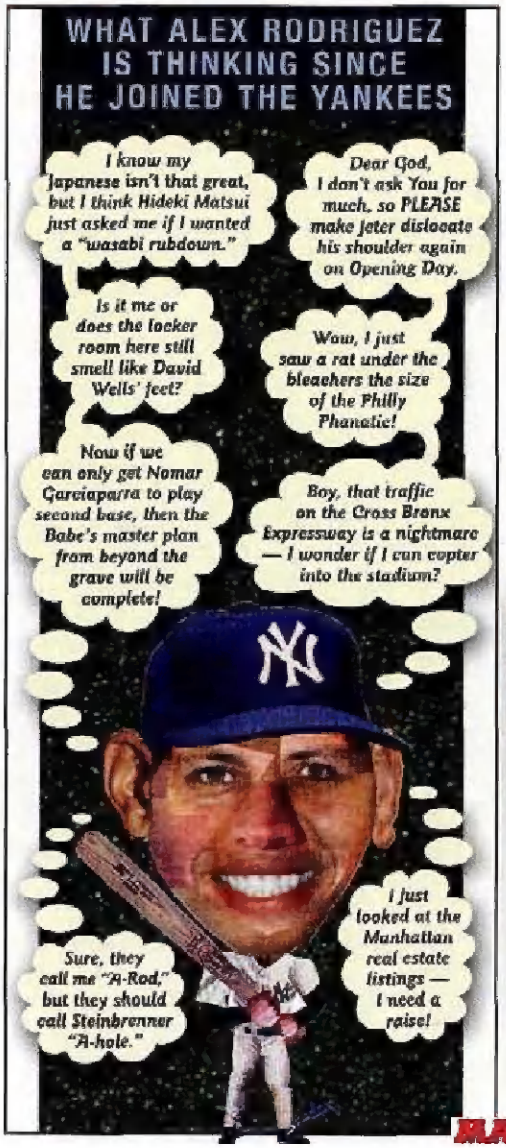
SCAPEGOAT:			
	ESKIMOS	CHIMNEYSWEEPS	RHYTHMIC GYMNASTS
CORRESPONDING STEREOTYPE:	Bad at baseball	Close-minded	Stingy with money
EXAMPLE:	"My son, Jimmy, isn't doing well in little league. He hits like an Eskimo!"	"I'm racist? You should hear yourself! You sound like a friggin' chimneysweep!"	"Come on Carl, lend me a buck! What are ya, a rhythmic gymnast?"

MELVIN & JENKINS' GUIDE TO CULTURE

Jenkins learns much about the long cultural traditions of the sari, turban and other beautiful Indian/Pakistani fashions.

Melvin obnoxiously pushes the dot on his friend's head over and over while yelling "Ding dong! Ding dong!"

WHAT ALEX RODRIGUEZ IS THINKING SINCE HE JOINED THE YANKEES


I know my Japanese isn't that great, but I think Hideki Matsui just asked me if I wanted a "wasabi rubdown."
Dear God, I don't ask You for much, so PLEASE make Jeter dislocate his shoulder again on Opening Day.
Is it me or does the locker room here still smell like David Wells' feet?
Wow, I just saw a rat under the bleachers the size of the Philly Phanatic!
Now if we can only get Nomar Garciaparra to play second base, then the Babe's master plan from beyond the grave will be complete!
Boy, that traffic on the Cross Bronx Expressway is a nightmare — I wonder if I can copter into the stadium?
Sure, they call me "A-Rod," but they should call Steinbrenner "A-hole."
I just looked at the Manhattan real estate listings — I need a raise!

PULL MY CHENEY!

THE COVER WE *DIDN'T* USE

THE PUZZLE NOOK

Which of the 4 choices best completes this phrase?

__?__ NEY IS THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL

1. MO
2. DICK CHE
3. AN ATTOR
4. BAR

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THEFUNDALINIPAGES

GRAPHIC NOVEL REVIEW

The popular *Blandman* series helped jumpstart the late-80s alt-comics boom. The books created a brand new subset of readers: cringing outcasts who could get their asses handed to them even by wussy superhero fans.

Neil Graveman left the series in 1996 (just like everyone in your life will eventually abandon you). Since then, diehard fans have speculated whether Graveman would ever write new stories about the characters. Well, yes and no. Technically, this book does contain seven new stories. But if you think seeing yet another stock character gasp, "You're...you're Death?" is a fresh experience, you probably also still get excited every time you see Batman swing on a rope.

Neil GRAVEMAN
The BLANDMAN
ENDLESS TRIPE
I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU. IT IS WHAT I DO. IT TURNS OUT THAT WAITING IS REALLY EASY TO DRAW.
DO YOU EVER ANSWER A QUESTION DIRECTLY? OR DO YOU ONLY PARCEL OUT CRYPTIC REMARKS TO CREATE A FORMULAIC "ATMOSPHERE"?
I THINK YOU KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT.

Each story in "Endless Tripe" features one of the Witless, the seven beings who hang around humanity like the bodyguard who holds the umbrella for P. Diddy. The Witless include the enigmatic goth chick, the enigmatic guy in the black trenchcoat, the enigmatic guy in the monk's robe, the enigmatic guy with the mullet, and a few others whose personalities aren't as well-defined.

The book is labeled "Suggested For Mature Readers." Apparently, that means anybody who dots their I's with little skulls while laboriously writing Tori Amos lyrics onto their denim jackets with ballpoint pens. The paper is a high-quality stock, which can also be used for making superficial cuts on the forearm to get attention.

160 pgs., $24.95
For Mature Readers

HOMELAND SECURITY WARNING CHART

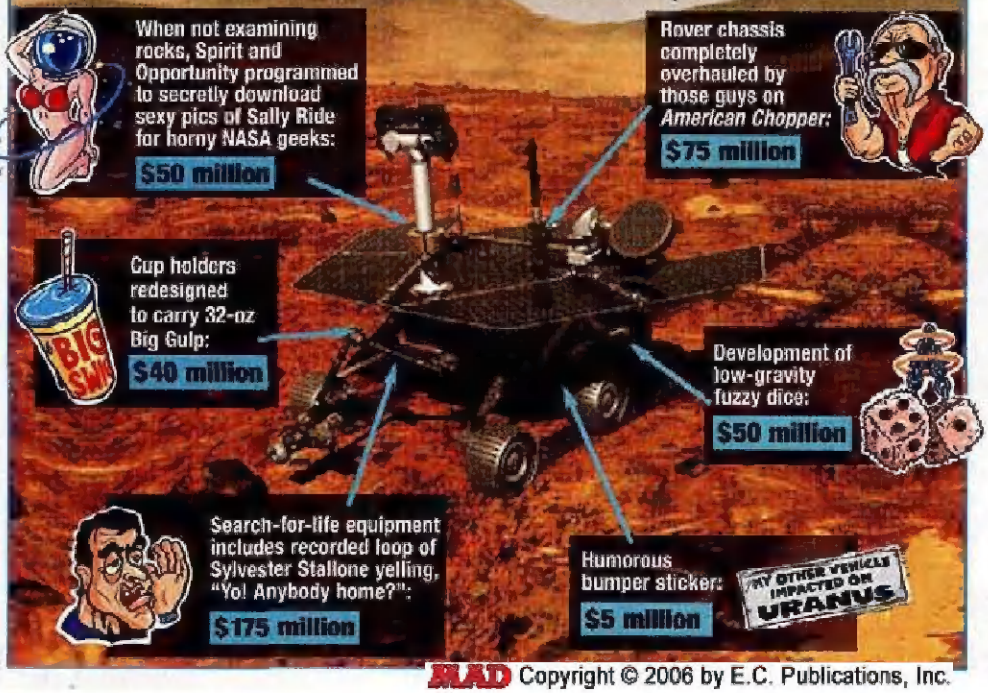
STANDARD	NEW FOR THE COLORBLIND
LOW Low risk of terrorist attacks	
GUARDED General risk of terrorist attacks	
ELEVATED Significant risk of terrorist attacks	
HIGH High risk of terrorist attacks	
SEVERE Severe risk of terrorist attacks	

THE FAST 5

THE 5 *REAL* REASONS HOWARD DEAN DROPPED OUT OF THE PRESIDENTIAL RACE

- He was hoodwinked by that trickster, John Edwards, who swore he was dropping out, too.
- Frankly, his supporters were really starting to creep him out.
- Wanted to clear the way for that late Kucinich surge.
- A lonely Mrs. Dean insisted he spend less time in the Midwest, and more time "stumping in the deep South"—if you know what we mean.
- The Zoloft finally kicked in.

WHY THE MARS ROVERS COST $820 MILLION


When not examining rocks, Spirit and Opportunity programmed to secretly download sexy pics of Sally Ride for horny NASA geeks:
$50 million
Rover chassis completely overhauled by those guys on *American Chopper*:
$75 million
Cup holders redesigned to carry 32-oz Big Gulp:
$40 million
Development of low-gravity fuzzy dice:
$50 million
Search-for-life equipment includes recorded loop of Sylvester Stallone yelling, "Yo! Anybody home?":
$175 million
Humorous bumper sticker:
$5 million
MY OTHER VEHICLE IMPACTED ON URANUS

FRIENDS OF FUNDALINI

Charles Akins	Desmond Devlin	Patrick Merrell
Ray Alma	Drew Friedman	Kevin Pope
Tom Bunk	Garth Gerhart	Irving Schild
John Caldwell	Al Jaffee	Mike Snider
Tom Cheney	Arie Kaplan	Jack Syracuse
Tom Nick Cocotos	Jeff Kruse	Don Vaughn
Amanda Conner	Scott Maiko	

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Great for dunking.
ORLANDO
1
My friends told me, "T Mac, you're gonna be big some day." Must've been the milk. About 15% of your height is added as a teen and the calcium and vitamin D can help. Will drinking a cool glass of milk make you the hottest scorer in town? Hey, it couldn't hurt.
got milk?®

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UNDRESSED TO KILL DEPT.

Spies, counterspies, plots, counterplots, schemes and counter-schemes, it's all so confusing! Who's good this week? Who's bad this week? Who's alive this week that was dead last week? Just trying to figure out what's happening from week to week is what's...

AILING-US

I never brag, but I would like to make everyone in the room aware of my latest astonishing accomplishment! Using one of our spy satellites, I have found a way to zoom in close enough to take a picture of anyone's retina on this entire planet! Then we can get a duplicate retina which our agents can use to fool even the most protected security systems! And the best news of all is that we've teamed up with Lens-Crafters, so it can done in about an hour!

I left the agency when I thought Sinly was dead! I needed a rest, so I taught school for a while! Teaching turned out to be the ideal thing to do! I learned more about hand-to-hand combat, concealing weapons and firearms use from those public school students [illegible] CIA training!

I would like to remind Director Fix-em that, like Sinly, I can be counted on to help in any way possible also! And I would like everyone to know that, unlike Sinly, I'm not here because my father is a senior agent with a lot of pull! I'm here because my husband, Vain, has a lot pull! And because the producer's know that sparks between a wife and her husband's former lover can far exceed any sparks between spies and counterspies!

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I called this emergency meeting because I got word that NSC used their DSL to infiltrate a KGB affiliate! Unfortunately they came up SOL, so I ordered KFC while I await further instructions via my PDA! OK?
Morning, everyone! You may have noticed I came in by crashing through the ceiling! To keep in tiptop practice, I never enter a room through a door! Now that I'm here, I'm ready to help in any way I can, Chief Mark-us! As you can see, I saved time by coming to this meeting in my sexy black underwear! Since I always manage to strip down to it in at least one scene per episode, doing it this way can save valuable seconds!
I'm saving time too by sitting in on this meeting even though I know I don't belong here! I once tried to bring down this agency when I headed the subversive WD-40! But now I've suddenly turned good guy and am involved...some may say shoehorned, into every episode! So, me being here saves even more valuable time, too! By the way, security here sucks! I told the security guards that my position here was so top secret that no photos or information about me could ever be recorded! So I got in by flashing a blank piece of paper for identification! The idiots bought it!
I would like to go on record by stating that my daughter is here because of her superior talents in tracking down and eliminating enemies of our nation! I didn't lift a finger to help her get this job! And the rumor that I sabotaged a computer that was about to reveal my daughter slitting the throat of a foreign agent is totally false! Er, I just said that in
Trust me, I don't know what I'm doing at this meeting, or even in this series! I'm not pretty enough to be a leading man type, and I'm not ugly enough to be a villain! I guess the producers felt it would be nice to have at least one character who's not carrying a grudge, out for revenge, nursing a giant ego, or working to see someone dead! Call me Special Agent Average Joe!

ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA
WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

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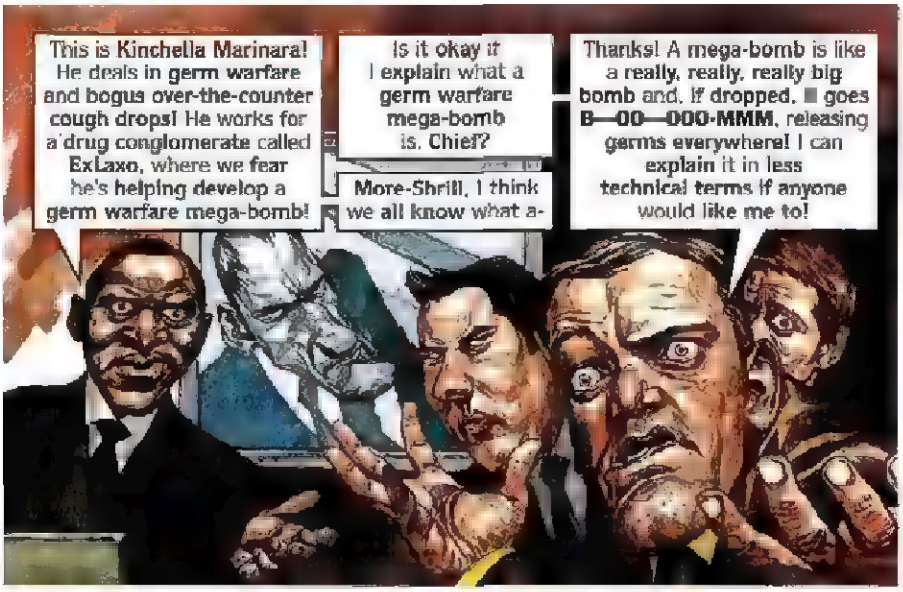
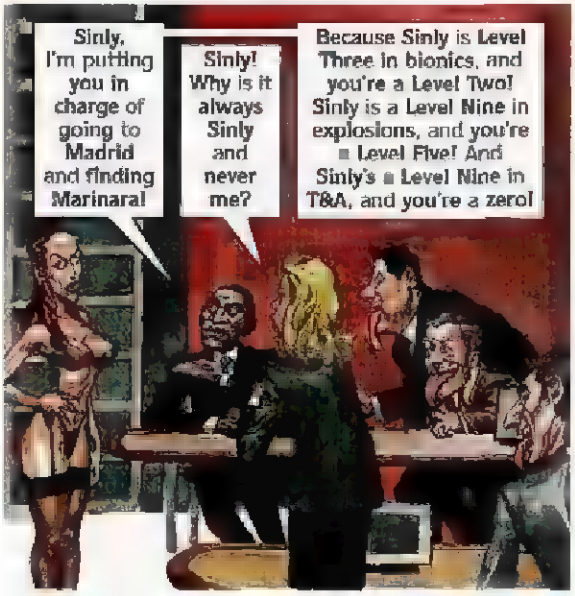
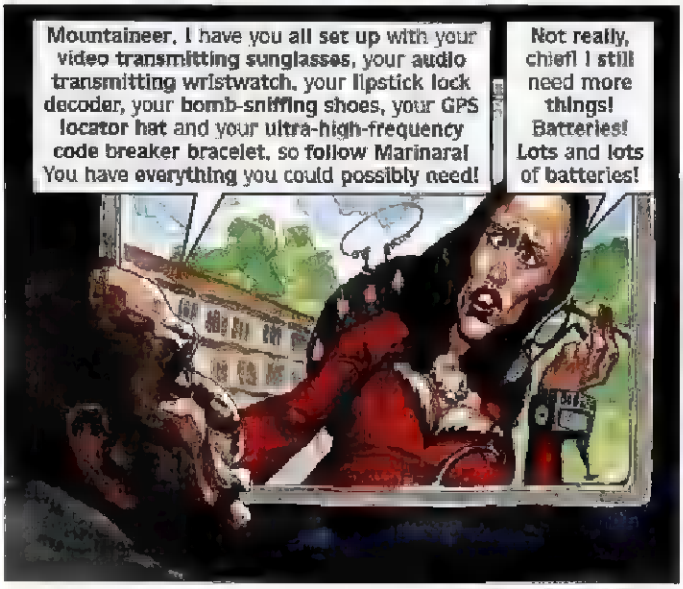
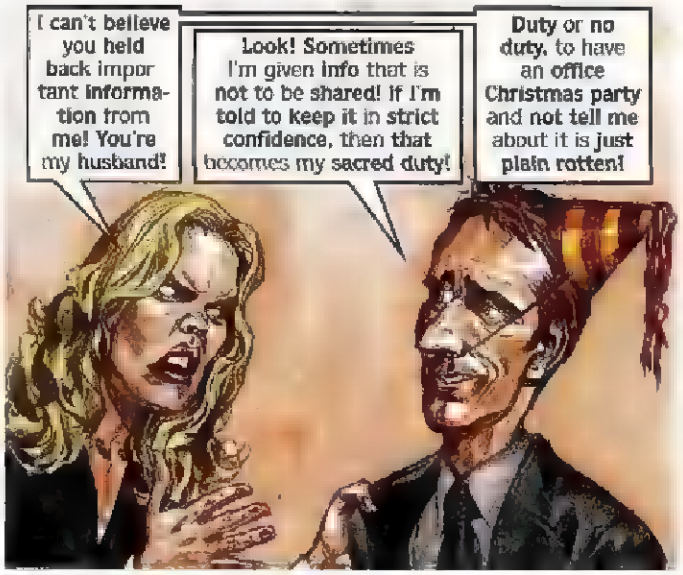

This is Kinchella Marinara! He deals in germ warfare and bogus over-the-counter cough drops! He works for a drug conglomerate called ExLaxo, where we fear he's helping develop a germ warfare mega-bomb!
Is it okay if I explain what a germ warfare mega-bomb is, Chief?
More-Shrill, I think we all know what a-
Thanks! A mega-bomb is like a really, really, really big bomb and, if dropped, it goes B—OO—OOO-MMM, releasing germs everywhere! I can explain it in less technical terms if anyone would like me to!

This lunatic must be stopped!
More-Shrill, of course! And if time permits, we can go after the bomb maker!
Are we talking about the bomb maker, or More-Shrill?


Sinly, I'm putting you in charge of going to Madrid and finding Marinara!
Sinly! Why is it always Sinly and never me?
Because Sinly is Level Three in bionics, and you're a Level Two! Sinly is a Level Nine in explosions, and you're a Level Five! And Sinly's a Level Nine in T&A, and you're a zero!

I've spotted Marinara!
Good work, Mountaineer! You always amaze me! We send you to find one person who could be anywhere in an entire foreign country and you always do it in under three minutes!
Well, in under *eight* minutes if you count the commercial breaks! One question — why do you always call me Mountaineer?
Because you remind me of the Grand Tetons! You figure it out!
MADRID, SPAIN — as if you could really tell...


Mountaineer, I have you all set up with your video transmitting sunglasses, your audio transmitting wristwatch, your lipstick lock decoder, your bomb-sniffing shoes, your GPS locator hat and your ultra-high-frequency code breaker bracelet, so follow Marinara! You have everything you could possibly need!
Not really, chief! I still need more things! Batteries! Lots and lots of batteries!


I can't believe you held back important information from me! You're my husband!
Look! Sometimes I'm given info that is not to be shared! If I'm told to keep it in strict confidence, then that becomes my sacred duty!
Duty or no duty, to have an office Christmas party and not tell me about it is just plain rotten!

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Stoned! I know you're an agent for the enemy and a double agent for us...but what are you doing here?
I'm an undercover spy for this group too!
So you're a triple agent?
I am! It's very dangerous work, and it's very complicated trying to keep all my lies straight, but it's worth it! Every Friday I get three paychecks!
BAYONNE, NEW JERSEY – there is no nice part...
So is the ExLaxo operation part of the Covenant?
Not exactly! It's part of a new division, Covenant LLC! They had to become a Limited Liability Corporation to lessen the impact of lawsuits! Those bogus cough drops they sell contain toxic waste, so they tend to kill people!
I'd like to stay and chat, but I have a job interview! I'm trying to be the world's first quadruple agent! Just think! Four paychecks and every one of them "off the books"!
Listen Dad, I lost two years of my life, and I don't know what happened during them!
Sinly, I picked up your twin boys! I'll bring them to the company nursery after I feed your string of polo ponies!
My God, I *really* don't know what happened during those two years!
CIA HEADQUARTERS – unlisted location...
Sinly, why can't you just forget that you can't remember?
Because maybe what I can't remember is something I want to remember, or maybe something I want to forget, but I want to be able to make that choice! At least I think I remember I want to be able to make that choice!
Just keep going to that "memory loss" group I enrolled you in! It meets weekly, doesn't it?
No one in the group remembers where or how often we meet! And I can't ask anyone about it, because I can't remember who's in the "memory loss" group! It's a Catch 20!
Catch 22!
See, I didn't even remember that!
I have to tell the CIA about my memory loss and see if they can help bring it back?
You mustn't do that! Their procedures will be painful beyond belief!
Come on, Dad, how bad could it be?
Do you realize how long an anal probe has to be in order to jog your memory? I shudder to think about it!
Every week you tell me that CIA procedures to bring back my memory will be shockingly painful! Why can't they just use hypnotism? It's worked thousands of times!
Yeah, right! On an action show like this, that's going to play really well! You sitting in a chair being hypnotized! No, it's either the anal probe, or drill through your brain to examine the memory cells!
And that's CIA protocol?
No, that's the producer's protocol! Harsh and gross, never easy and clean!
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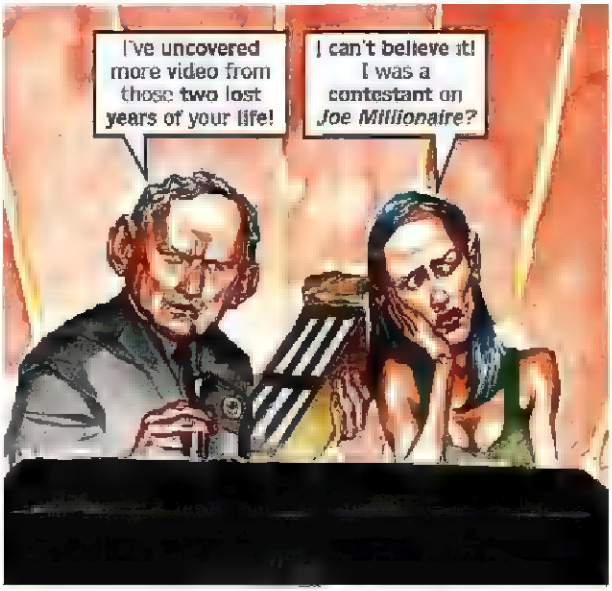
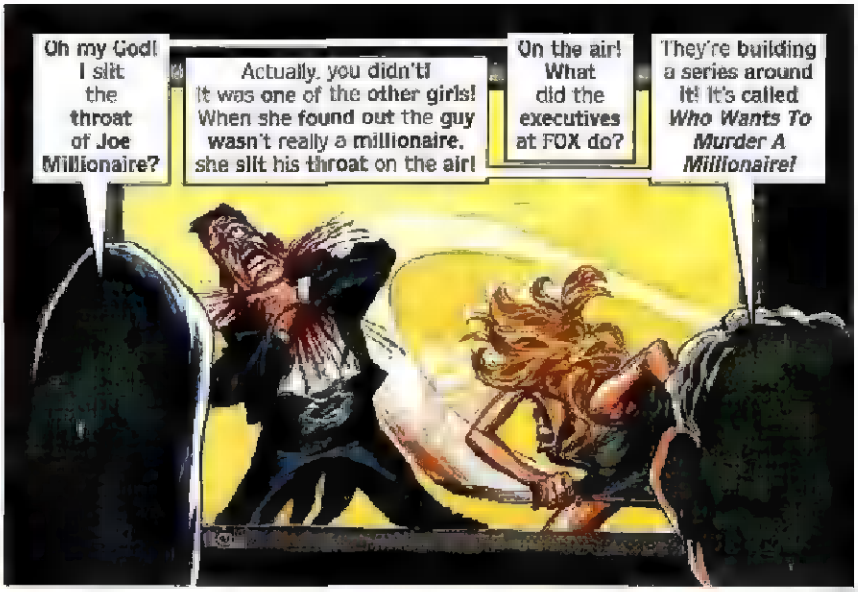
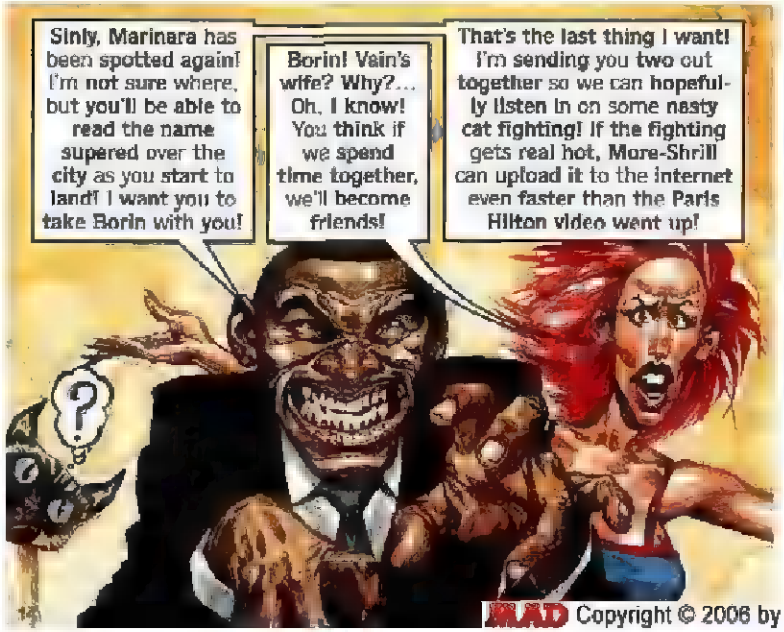
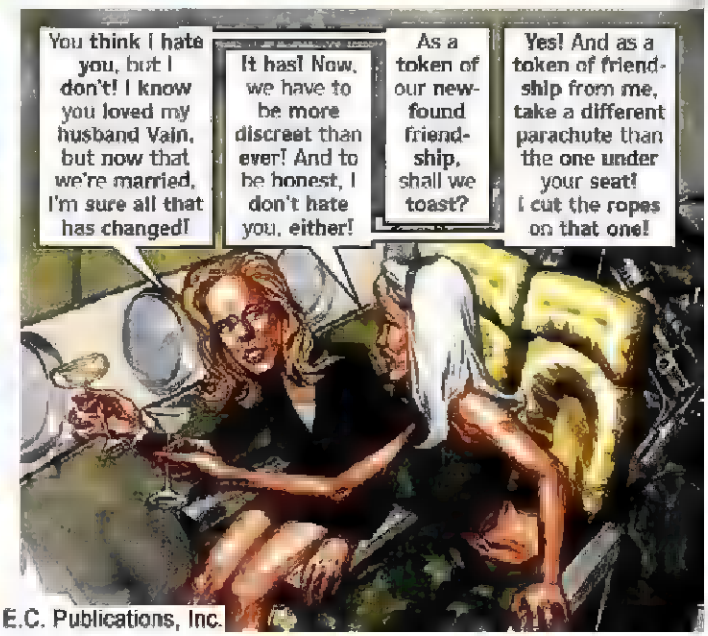



Oh my God! I slit the throat of Joe Millionaire?
Actually, you didn't! It was one of the other girls! When she found out the guy wasn't really a millionaire, she slit his throat on the air!
On the air! What did the executives at FOX do?
They're building a series around it! It's called *Who Wants To Murder A Millionaire!*

Vain, you shot that man?
I had to, Chief! He's obviously a double agent!
What brought you to that conclusion?
Earlier, you said you were ordering from KFC! So why would someone from KFC show up in a Domino's Pizza uniform?
No one wanted chicken, so I ordered pizza!
More-Shrill, do something to bring this guy back to life! Then erase his memory, tell him you gave him a tip and send him on this way!

Did you find out anything new about that double agent, Stoned?
Yes, by this time he's probably a quadruple agent! You don't like Stoned, do you?
Actually he doesn't like me! Some time back, on a secret mission, I accidentally killed his wife! I think Stoned took it personally, even though I explained that I've killed dozens of people accidentally! But he wouldn't listen! It was like talking to a wall!


Sinly, Marinara has been spotted again! I'm not sure where, but you'll be able to read the name supered over the city as you start to land! I want you to take Borin with you!
Borin! Vain's wife? Why?... Oh, I know! You think if we spend time together, we'll become friends!
That's the last thing I want! I'm sending you two out together so we can hopefully listen in on some nasty cat fighting! If the fighting gets real hot, More-Shrill can upload it to the internet even faster than the Paris Hilton video went up!


You think I hate you, but I don't! I know you loved my husband Vain, but now that we're married, I'm sure all that has changed!
It has! Now, we have to be more discreet than ever! And to be honest, I don't hate you, either!
As a token of our new-found friendship, shall we toast?
Yes! And as a token of friendship from me, take a different parachute than the one under your seat! I cut the ropes on that one!

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I found Marinara and I'm chasing him! He's running through an International Mall, so I'm changing costumes every minute to blend in with the different country themes as I run! This way I won't raise any suspicions!

That girl running through the mall is constantly changing costumes!

I know! It's the most suspicious thing I ever saw! She's obviously on a spy mission!

FLORIDA – Epcot Center...

Damn! I lost track of Marinara!

Not to worry! We've got him on our Satellite Tracking System! He's in front of Starbucks! Now he's in front of another Starbucks! And now he's walking by the Starbucks across from the other two Starbucks!

Hmmm... I guess I must be in a totally different Starbucks!

Hang on, I'll project a big red laser arrow directly over him!

Marinara started the countdown mechanism on a nuclear device! Personally, I think there should be a five-day waiting period on those things!

Aim your camera sunglasses at the device and More-Shrill will find the codes to disarm it!

There is a big switch on the side of the nuclear device that says: "OFF," should I try that?

No! That switch is there only as a last resort! You can turn it off only if we can't disarm it with our $2 billion decoder! Otherwise Congress will cut our budget!

OFF

ON

More-Shrill, hurry! You only have 30 seconds!

I have the codes on the screen, but it's all these freakin' pop-up ads that are slowing me down! Oh my God!

You can't stop the bomb?

No, Orbitz is offering a coast to coast flight for only $49!

I've disarmed the bomb! There's probably no other person in the world who could have done what I just did! I mean, I'm not bragging, but my talent is—

Sirly, take possession of that bomb, and bring it back here to headquarters!

Yeah, and put it in More-Shrill's car!

We have to make sure it doesn't fall into enemy hands!

Enemy hands? You mean like some terrorist organization?

No, our real enemies — those rats from *24*! There are only so many threatening situations to go around these days! Let them find their *own* threatening plots!

24

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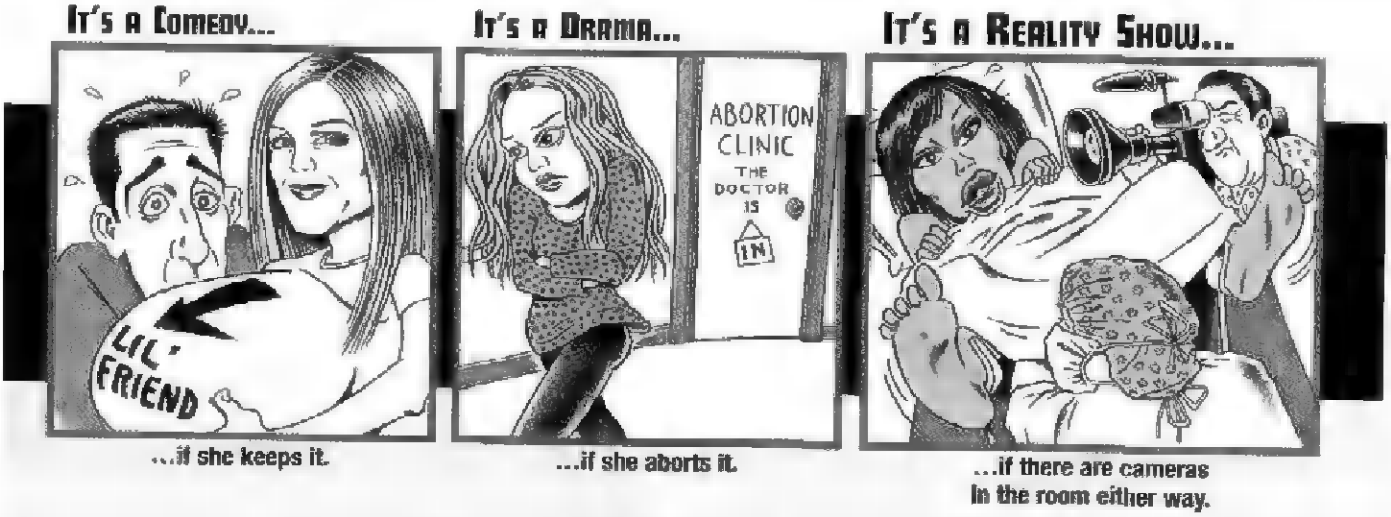
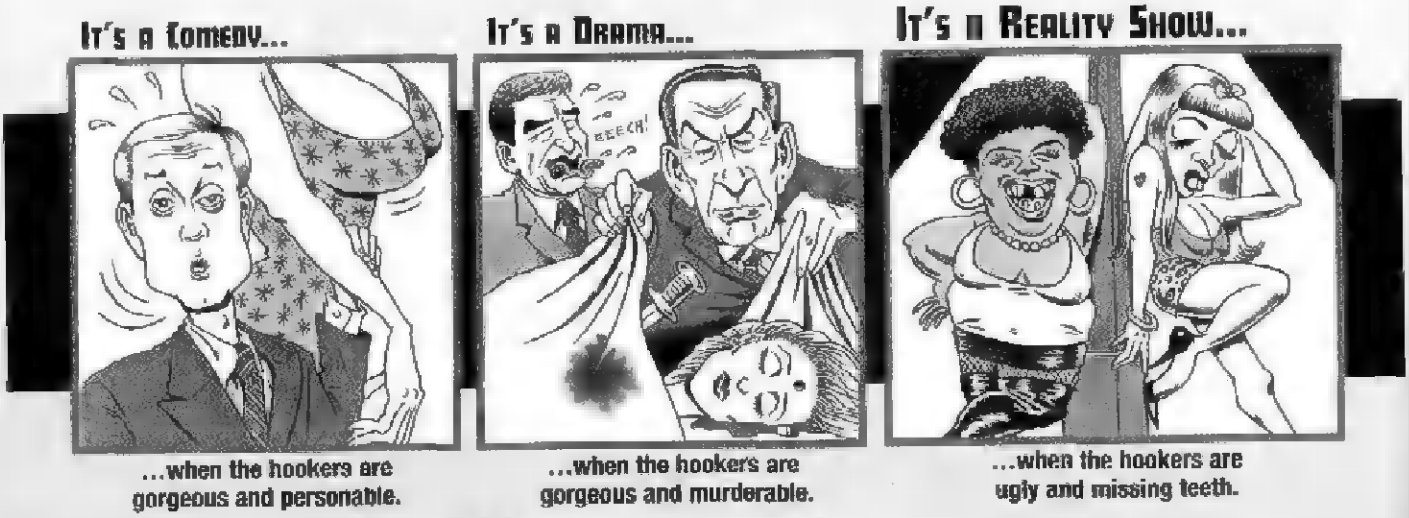
WRY DEFINITION TV DEPT.

IT'S A COMEDY!

If you've turned on your TV lately (and if you haven't, what are you doing — reading?) you may have noticed that comedies are getting more dramatic, dramas are getting more comedic and reality shows are getting, uh, less real! And since they all draw from the same limited menu of human situations, it's getting harder to tell one type of entertainment from another. There *are* telltale signs to help you determine what type of program or made-for-TV movie you're watching, though. It's a guide we creatively refer to as...

It's a Comedy...
...when someone gets sick from eating too much.
It's a Drama...
SCRIPT
GROWING PAINS
WHERE IS CAROL?
...when someone gets sick from eating too little.
It's a Reality Show...
...when someone gets sick from eating frog testicles.




It's a Comedy...
...when the hookers are gorgeous and personable.
It's a Drama...
BEECH!
...when the hookers are gorgeous and murderable.
It's a Reality Show...
...when the hookers are ugly and missing teeth.

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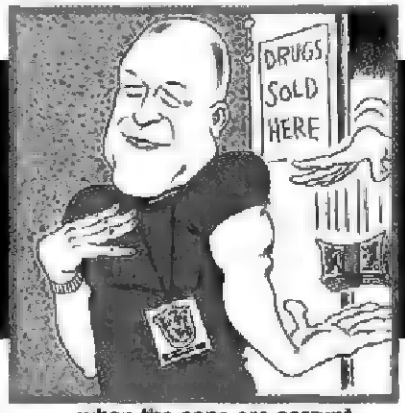
IT'S A DRAMA! IT'S A REALITY SHOW!

ARTIST: RICK TULKA
WRITER: BUTCH D'AMBROSIO

It's a Comedy...

...when the cops are buffoons.

It's a Drama...



...when the cops are corrupt.

It's a Reality Show...

...when the cops are involved in high-speed chases of shirtless drunk men.

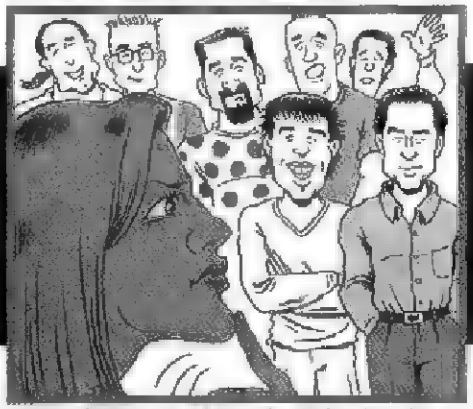
It's a Comedy...

...if dreams of meeting a husband come true.

It's a Drama...

...if dreams of meeting a husband come with complications.

It's a Reality Show...

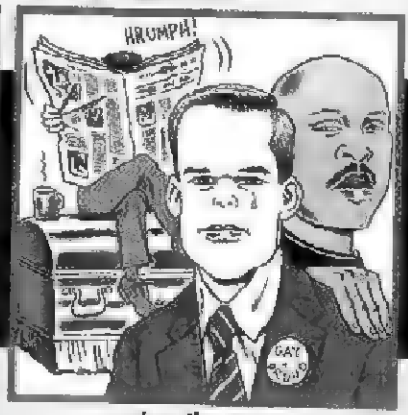


...if dreams of meeting a husband come with an elimination round.

It's a Comedy...

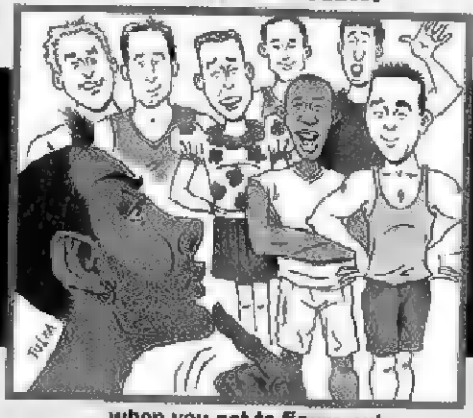
...when the gay guy gets the best lines.

It's a Drama...



...when the gay guy gets the cold shoulder

It's a Reality Show...



...when you get to figure out who the gay guy is.

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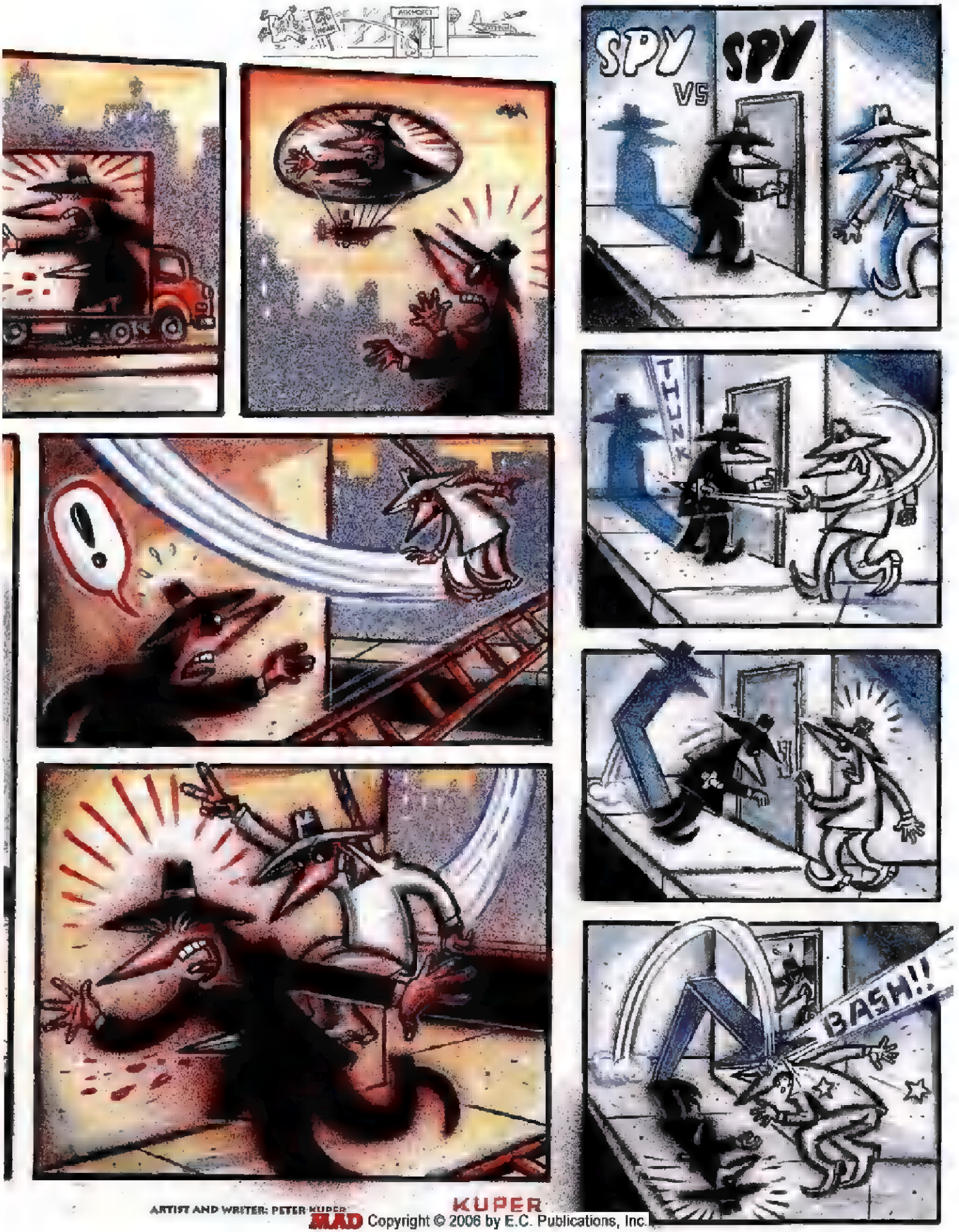

ARTIST AND WRITER: PETER KUPER

KUPER

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THE CHAT 'N THE STAT DEPT.

Here's our latest look at a show you'd think would be bursting with spontaneity, surprises and an anything-goes outlook, but is actually a rigidly planned, pre-programmed snoreathon! Don't believe us? Our handy minute-by-minute breakdown will explain all as, once again...

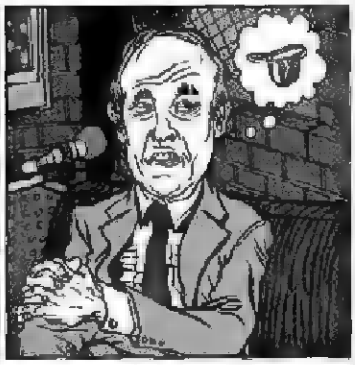
MAD De TV TalkS

11:00 The E! show opens with a clip showing the funniest part of the upcoming episode. This excerpt will be repeated 8 minutes later, going into the first commercial. Then again, coming out of the commercial, then twice more before and after the second commercial. By the time you see the moment for real during the show, it's nearly almost really close to being as surprising and hilarious as ever.

11:02 The first look at Howard. Using NASA data recognition technology, the E! Network has located the one camera angle in existence where Howard's nose doesn't look like a prize-winning cucumber. Enjoy it. That's the only angle you'll be seeing Howard's head at for the next half hour.

11:03 The first guest enters. The guest could be absolutely anybody from the world of music, movies, TV, politics or sports. 49 out of 50 times, however, it's either a stripper, an internet stripper, a porn actress, or an internet stripper turned porn actress.

11:06 No episode is complete without the fateful question, "Are you wearing any panties?" To avoid being inappropriate, whenever the guest is someone like Rudy Giuliani, Howard respectfully changes the inquiry to "Are you wearing any panties, Mr. Mayor?"



11:09 As we're treated to the one fleeting half-second glimpse of Fred Norris per episode, viewers can admire the state-of-the-art supercomputer system he uses behind the scenes, and appreciate the thousands of man-hours of cutting-edge research and technology developed by America's best minds, all so Fred can digitally catalogue his fart tapes.

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constructs hows

THIS MONTH: HOWARD STERN ON E!

11:10 Huzzah! The stripper guest's clothes come off. And an entire generation of kids will grow up to be shocked when they discover that breasts are not covered by lots of little shaky blue squares.

11:12 It's usually around this time that viewers realize they've seen this episode before. And seen it. And seen it. Despite Howard doing about 700 fresh hours a year on the radio, E! only extracts 2% of it for the TV show. But then, when you think of timeless television moments that can be enjoyed again and again, the three classics that instantly spring to mind have got to be Lucy and Ethel wrapping chocolates on an assembly line, Ralph Kramden playing golf with Norton, and Ta Ta Toothy throwing slices of bologna on a girl's ass.

11:13 Howard, in full drool, tells the skank, "Oh baby, if only I wasn't a married man, I'd be on top of you in five seconds." But now that he's divorced and single, and STILL doing absolutely nothing with them, E!'s policy of endlessly recycling old shows merely reminds us what a gutless blowhard he always was.

11:16 After the break, the inane E! "news" crawl suddenly appears along the bottom of the screen. Here, viewers learn that Stockard Channing will be making a guest appearance during the upcoming season of *Yes, Dear*. And it's good to know that Ray Romano was recently spotted eating pesto.

11:17 Bloated sidekick Artie Lange is seen whooping it up over the naked lady. If you hit the mute button on your remote, you can actually hear the faint, far-off sounds of an unemployed Jackie the Jokeman screaming in agony, before shooting out the screen of his TV like Elvis used to.

ARTIST: NATHAN FOX WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

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MAD Deconstructs TV Talk Shows

THIS MONTH: HOWARD STERN ON E

11:19 Howard and company take turns giving free beauty advice to the girl in the studio. Think about it: Howard Stern, Robin Quivers, Stuttering John and Baba Booey, all evaluating the physical attractiveness of others. It's not just the death of irony; it's the abduction, brutal beating, and gangland-style execution of irony.

11:21 The second commercial break, which lets viewers take a needed breather from the sleazy antics of Howard Stern with non-stop ads for 1-900 sex chats, Volume 33 of *Girls Gone Wild* and E!'s leering *Wild on Thong Beach* promos.

11:23 4-foot-tall superdwarf Beetlejuice enters the studio. Thanks to Howard's tireless promotion of society's most mockable rejects, unique talents such as Elephant Boy, High-Pitch Eric and Crackhead Bob are far better known to the American public than the names of the men and women who decoded the structure of human DNA.

11:24 Howard launches into his evergreen tirade about how he's a genius and everyone else in show business shamelessly rips off his original ideas. Then, it's time for another game of either Stripper Jeopardy, Win Fred's Money, Wheel of Sex, Homeless Dating Game or Who Wants To Be a Turkish Millionaire.

11:29 Even though the show is over, it's not really over until the pointless "So, how'd it go?" hallway interview. It's a great wrap-up for all those viewers who missed the opening 29 minutes of a 30-minute show. The idiot holding the camcorder works with an extensive 3-question repertoire: "Was it fun?," "Do you think he liked you?" and, "Is that the first time you showed your breasts?" True, this routine ensures that each episode ends with a stupid, inept thud, but compared to this halfway quiz, Howard's preceding 35 variations of "Are you ready to get naked?" will always seem novel and entertaining in comparison.

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BARBIE'S "DEAR JOHN" LETTER TO KEN

When Ken and Barbie decided to call it quits, it shattered the hearts of millions of devoted fans (notice we said "devoted" and not "particularly bright"). But most painful of all, no real explanation was given. However, while rooting through the dumpster behind Barbie's Dreamhouse (as is our custom on a Friday night), we discovered...

From the Desk of Barbie

Dear Ken,

It's over. After 43 years of waiting for you to commit, I realized I wasn't getting any younger. Of course, I'm not getting any older, either. But I still think we need to see other dolls and action figures. It's time to play the field.

Since we started dating, I've been a fashion designer, an astronaut, an animal doctor, a rock singer, an actress, a painter, a firefighter, a paleontologist, a pilot, a Marine, a lifeguard, a ballerina, a dentist, a stewardess, a sales clerk, and a candidate for President. What have you ever done?!?

Being a plastic boy toy is no way to spend a life, Ken. It's time for you to get real.

I still remember the night I came home early to our hot tub and bathworks playset, and found you there, naked, with G.I. Joe. You said it was innocent, that you'd only stripped off each other's clothes because a kid drew all over them in purple magic marker. And I took a chance and believed you. After all, neither one of you have a shween. But I had doubts.

Then, after I found a pair of raggedy panties inside the glove compartment of your fun time convertible, I had some major life decisions to make. Decisions even harder than "strawberry lip gloss or neon?"

And I came to realize that I have some self-esteem issues. I'm famous, I'm rich, I'm an icon, and still I can't get a marriage proposal out of you after 40 years. Who do you think I am? Oprah? A girl can only stare at her disco lamp, her slide 'n splash pool, her karaoke kit with carrying case, and her other 43,000 possessions for so long.

We've grown apart. You've always treated me like I'm some kind of interchangeable bimbo, as if there are a billion other dolls out there just like me. Haven't I always maintained my 49-6-28 figure? Or am I just some kind of hollow plaything? How I've longed to hear those three little words from you, Ken, and I don't mean "no assembly required."

I need some shelf space. I feel like I'm suffocating inside a small cardboard box. I'm in pain, Ken, and not just from holding the same blank expression since 1961. I still have fake feelings for you. My love once burned as brightly as the 3-watt bulb in my oven. This breakup doesn't have to be forever. After we've had some time to think, after we've discovered where our lives are headed, and especially after the marketing department of Mattel milks the everloving piss out of this, we'll get back together. Probably just in time for the holiday season.

Party on,
Barbie

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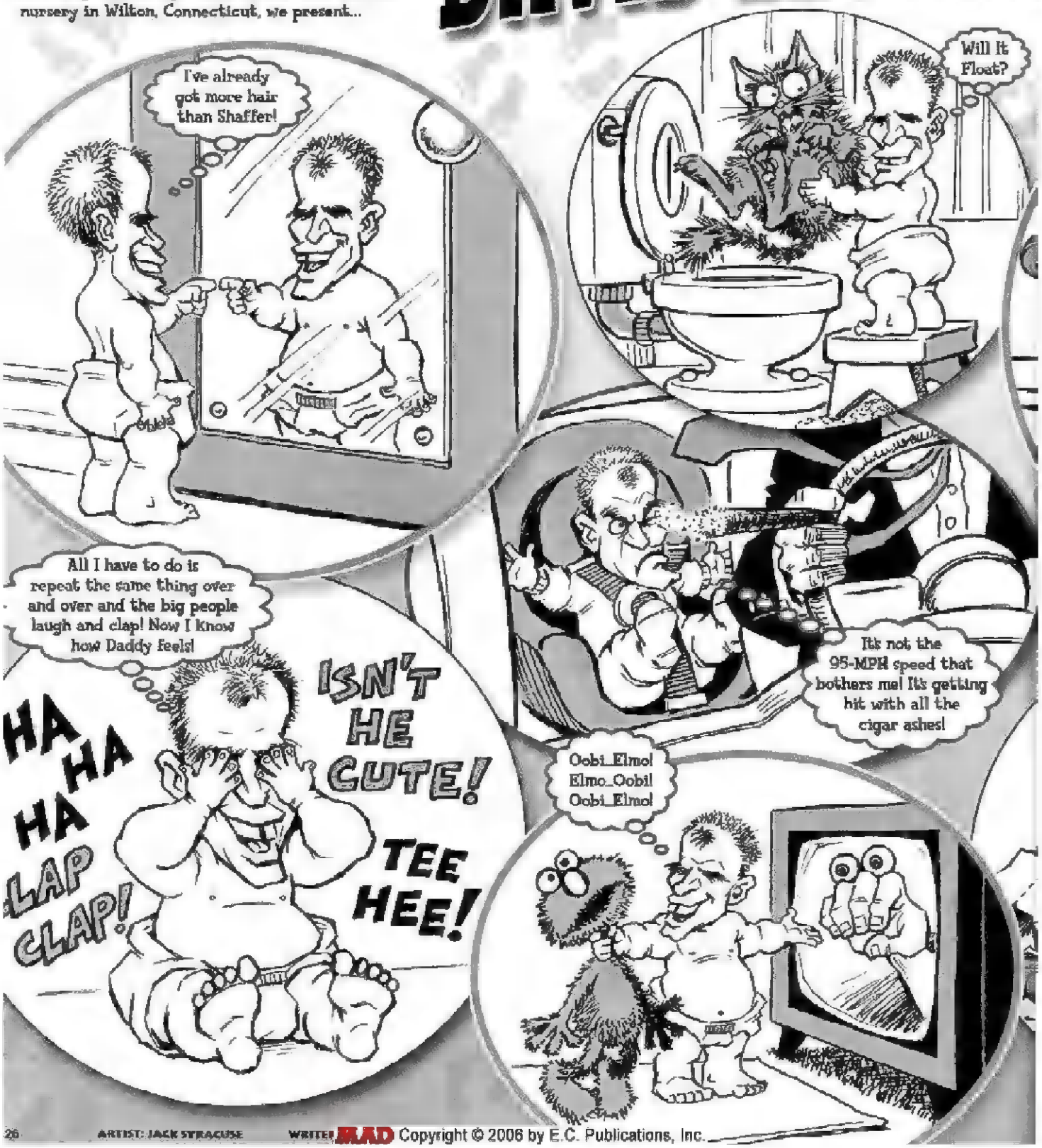
TOP TEN-MONTH-OLD DEPT.

There's a cranky, demanding fella with a receding hairline in the Letterman house these days. Or should we say, a new one! David Letterman and his longtime girlfriend have had a baby boy, and we're betting little Letterbaby has the same set of communication skills, quick wit and bitter disdain for being alive as Papa Dave! So now, from the home nursery in Wilton, Connecticut, we present...

A Day in the Life of... DAVID LETTER


I've already got more hair than Shaffer!
Will It Float?
All I have to do is repeat the same thing over and over and the big people laugh and clap! Now I know how Daddy feels!
HA HA HA
CLAP CLAP!
ISN'T HE CUTE!
TEE HEE!
It's not the 95-MPH speed that bothers me! It's getting hit with all the cigar ashes!
Oobi_Elmo!
Elmo_Oobi!
Oobi_Elmo!

ARTIST: JACK STRACUSE WRITER: MAD

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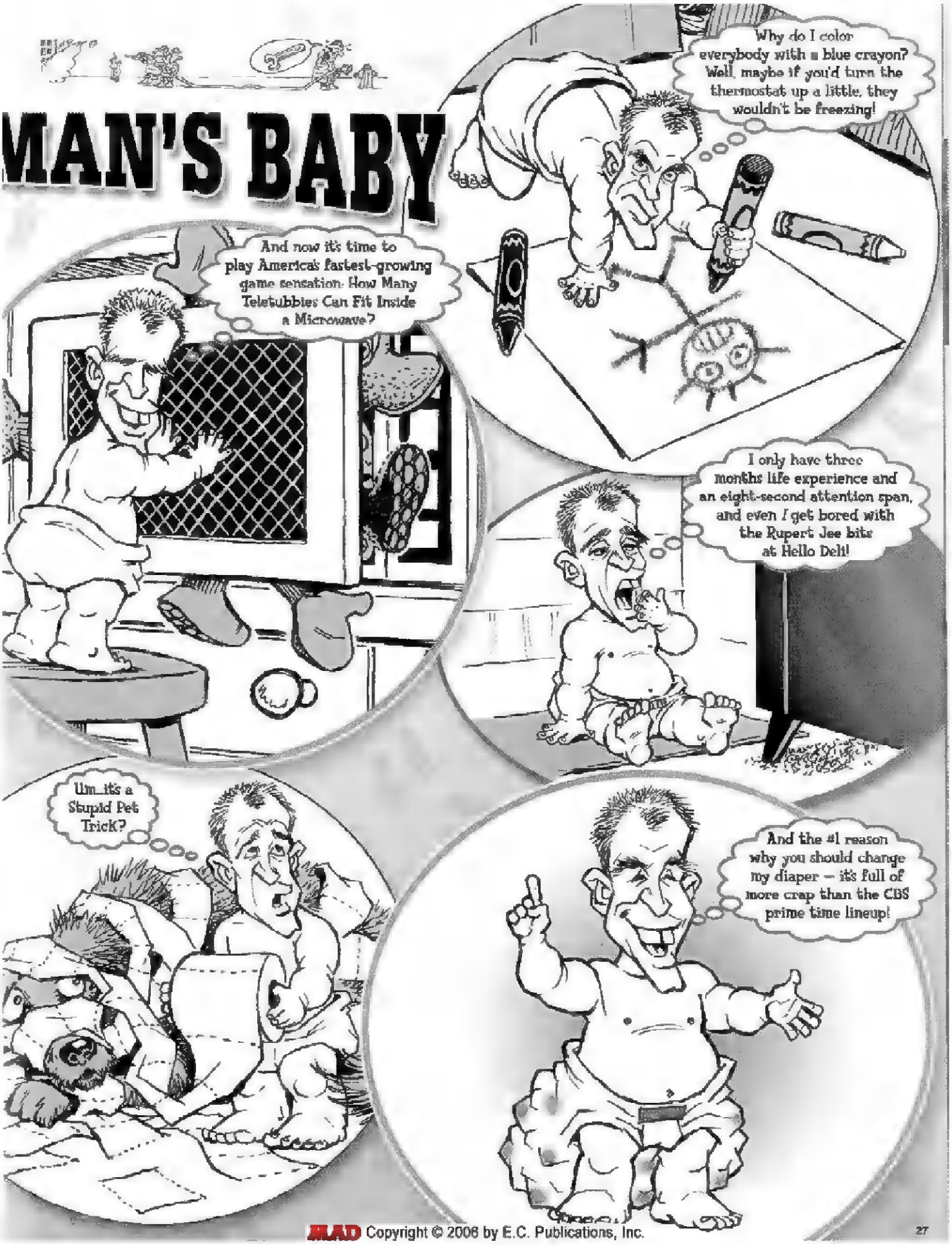
MAN'S BABY


Why do I color everybody with a blue crayon? Well, maybe if you'd turn the thermostat up a little, they wouldn't be freezing!
And now it's time to play America's fastest-growing game sensation: How Many Teletubbies Can Fit Inside a Microwave?
I only have three months life experience and an eight-second attention span, and even I get bored with the Rupert Jee bits at Hello Deli!
Um...it's a Stupid Pet Trick?
And the #1 reason why you should change my diaper – it's full of more crap than the CBS prime time lineup!

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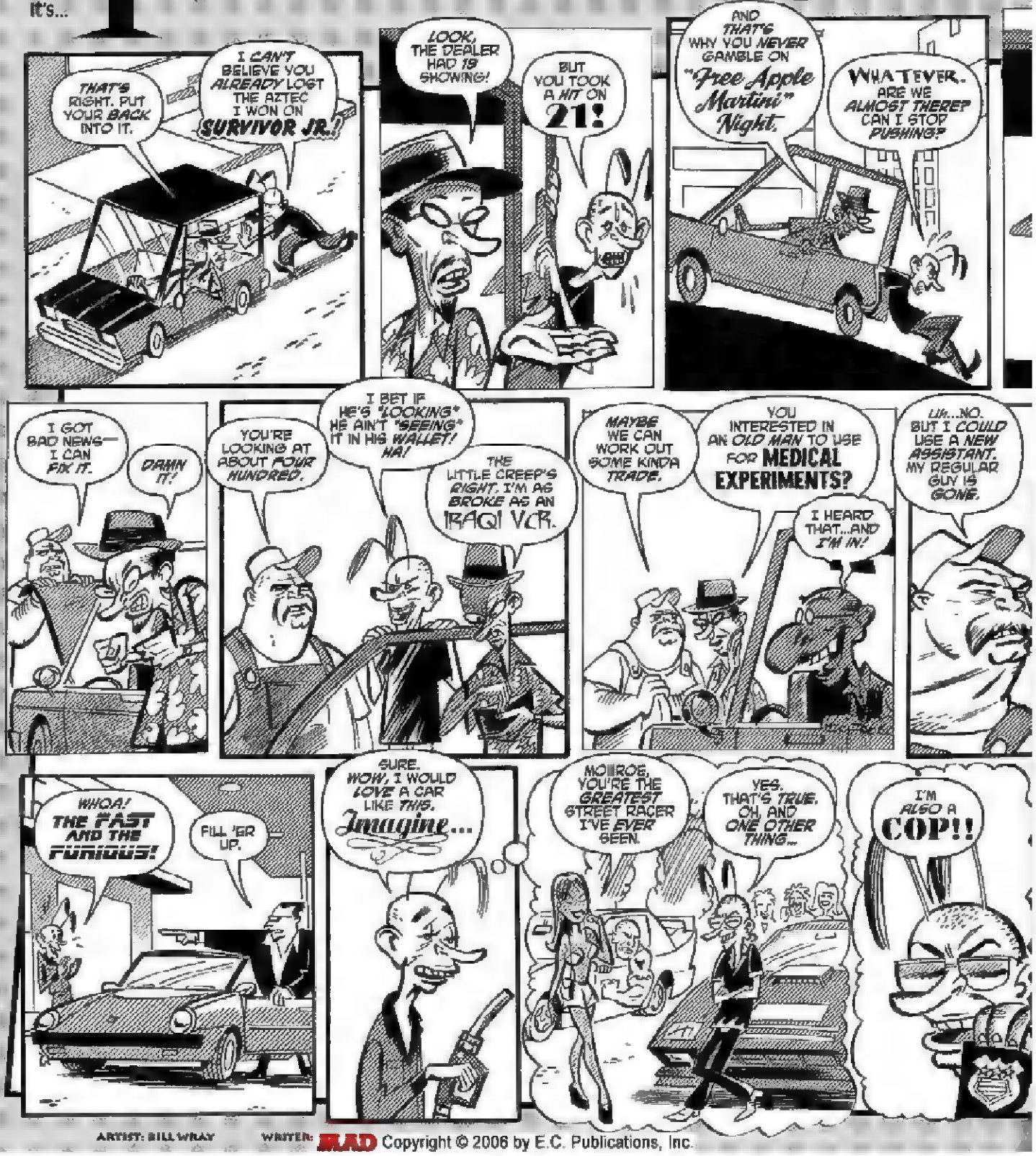
Check your oily skin every three thousand miles. It's... MONROE and...


THAT'S RIGHT. PUT YOUR BACK INTO IT.
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU ALREADY LOST THE AZTEC I WON ON SURVIVOR JR.!
LOOK, THE DEALER HAD 19 SHOWING!
BUT YOU TOOK A HIT ON 21!
AND THAT'S WHY YOU NEVER GAMBLE ON "Free Apple Martini" Night.
WHATEVER. ARE WE ALMOST THERE? CAN I STOP PUSHING?
I GOT BAD NEWS— I CAN FIX IT.
DAMN IT!
YOU'RE LOOKING AT ABOUT FOUR HUNDRED.
I BET IF HE'S "LOOKING" HE AIN'T "SEEING" IT IN HIS WALLET! HA!
THE LITTLE CREEP'S RIGHT. I'M AS BROKE AS AN IRAQI VCR.
MAYBE WE CAN WORK OUT SOME KINDA TRADE.
YOU INTERESTED IN AN OLD MAN TO USE FOR MEDICAL EXPERIMENTS?
I HEARD THAT...AND I'M IN!
UH...NO. BUT I COULD USE A NEW ASSISTANT. MY REGULAR GUY IS GONE.
WHOA! THE FAST AND THE FURIOUS!
FILL 'ER UP.
SURE. WOW, I WOULD LOVE A CAR LIKE THIS. Imagine...
MONROE, YOU'RE THE GREATEST STREET RACER I'VE EVER SEEN.
YES. THAT'S TRUE. OH, AND ONE OTHER THING...
I'M ALSO A COP!!

ARTIST: BILL WRAY WRITER:

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THE MECHANIC

AS SOON AS I HEAR ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR VERTEBRAE POP.
POP
THERE WE GO, RIGHT IN THE DRIVEWAY.
WADDAYA SAY, JAKE?
LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT SOME ROADKILL CLINGING TO THE BACK BUMPER.
FOSSIL FUEL GARAGE
THAT'S MY BOY, MONROE.
I COULDA SENT THE TOW TRUCK OVER FOR IT. HE DIDN'T HAVE TO PUSH IT.
WHAT?
AH, WHAT THE HELL. HE NEEDED TO BUILD UP HIS MUSCLES ANYWAY. THE KID LOOKS LIKE Paris Hilton ON A DIET.
HE QUIT?
NO, I MEAN GONE. A TRANSMISSION FELL ON HIM.
BYE BYE. NICE TALKING TO YA.
HOLD IT A SECOND, YOU'D MAKE A GOOD GREASE MONKEY. YOU LOOK HALF CHIMP AS IT IS.
WAIT. I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT CARS.
DON'T MATTER. THEM SKINNY ARMS OF YOURS LOOK LIKE THEY CAN FIT INSIDE A CRANKSHAFT. YOU'LL DO.
HE'S ALL YOURS.
THIS ISN'T GOOD.
YOU LIED TO ME! AND I LOVED YOU!
SORRY, BABY. NOW SPREAD 'EM! YOU'RE ALL BUSTED!!
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?
Um... OH, uh... FILLING IT UP?
LOOK AT YOUR GREASY PAW PRINT ON MY CAR! AND THAT'S DIESEL YOU'RE PUMPING INTO MY TANK!
YEAH, I WAS WONDERING WHY I HAD TO HAMMER THE FUEL NOZZLE IN THERE.
SORRY ABOUT THAT, FELLA. I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT FOR YA.
YOU SHOULD "TAKE CARE" OF THAT GUY, WITH A TIRE IRON.
I'VE HEARD WORSE IDEAS.

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MoNroe

THAT'S A 30 THOUSAND DOLLAR ENGINE YOU ALMOST COST ME!
WHOA. I WOULD LOVE TO HAVE AN ENGINE LIKE THAT. Imagine...
SNAP OUT OF IT! I GOT TO GO FLUSH THE FUEL LINES.
WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?
LET'S GET YOU WORKING ON THE OTHER FLUSHER.
THE GARAGE BATHROOM. CAN'T TELL THE GREASE FROM THE GUANO.
OH, DEAR GOD!
OMIGOD! I'M ALL BURNING UP.
AND THEN SOME.
FOSSIL FUEL
Um, SO, WHAT? DO YOU WANT TO LOOK UNDER MY HOOD?
LIKE I'VE NEVER WANTED ANYTHING BEFORE. GRRRR.
TAKE IT EASY, FREAK. YOU SMELL LIKE LANDFILL.
SUV!2
Yiiii!!!
LATER...
WHAT IN THE...?!?!
I'M NOT FINISHED.
THE HELL YOU AREN'T! WHAT WERE YOU THINKING?
I GOT CAUGHT UP THINKING ABOUT MY NEW unblemished skin.
I'LL BLEMISH YOUR SKIN FOR YOU!
MY DAD'S NOT GONNA LIKE THIS. HIS LAW FIRM JUST BOUGHT HIM THIS CAR.
SOUNDS LIKE THIS ONE MIGHT COST YA, JAKE.
SO LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT— YOU FIXED MY CAR...BUT YOU'RE KEEPING MY CAR?
THAT'S RIGHT. YOUR BOY COST ME PLENTY. THAT CAR IS GONNA PAY IT OFF.

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AND SHE'S NEVER EVER SEEN A SPONGE. GET TO SPIT-SHINING SPORT.
JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES AND WAKE UP, JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES AND WAKE UP...
2 NIGHTMARISH HOURS LATER...
THAT LOOKS REAL NICE, MONROE.
THE SMELL IS IN MY SKIN.
YOU WERE NO ROSE WHEN YOU WALKED IN, KID.
I'LL NEVER BITE MY FINGERNAILS AGAIN.
QUIT YER GRIPING AND GET OVER TO THE PUMPS.
GEEZ, YOU SCALDED YOUR WHOLE FACE.
ACTUALLY, IT'S NOT SO BAD. THAT BLAST OF STEAM OPENED UP MY PORES. IT CLEARED UP MY BLACKHEADS.
SEE, ONCE YOU GET USED TO THE SMELLS AND THE FALLING TRANSMISSIONS, GARAGE LIFE AIN'T SO BAD. YOU MIGHT JUST WORK OUT. IN FACT...
HERE YOU GO, KID! FIX IT UP!
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO DO ANY OF THAT.
IT'S A HOSE! HERE'S A MANUAL, LOOK IT UP!
HOSE REPAIR MANUAL
SO... uh... AM I FREE TO GO?
NO WAY, SPORT. YOU'RE GONNA WORK UNTIL YOU EARN ME BACK THAT CAR. YOUR OLD MAN DOESN'T DO THE BUS.
WORKS FOR ME. THE BATHROOM NEEDS ANOTHER GO 'ROUND ANYHOW. A BUNCH OF TRUCKERS JUST WENT THROUGH THERE! WHOOEE!
COKE
MIGHT AS WELL START GETTING USED TO A LIFE OF DRUDGERY NOW, KIDDO.
YEAH, IT'S BEEN A BED OF ROSES UP UNTIL THIS.
ALL RIGHT, ENOUGH JAWING! THERE'S TOILETS TO CLEAN.
AND I'M GUESSING THERE ALWAYS WILL BE.
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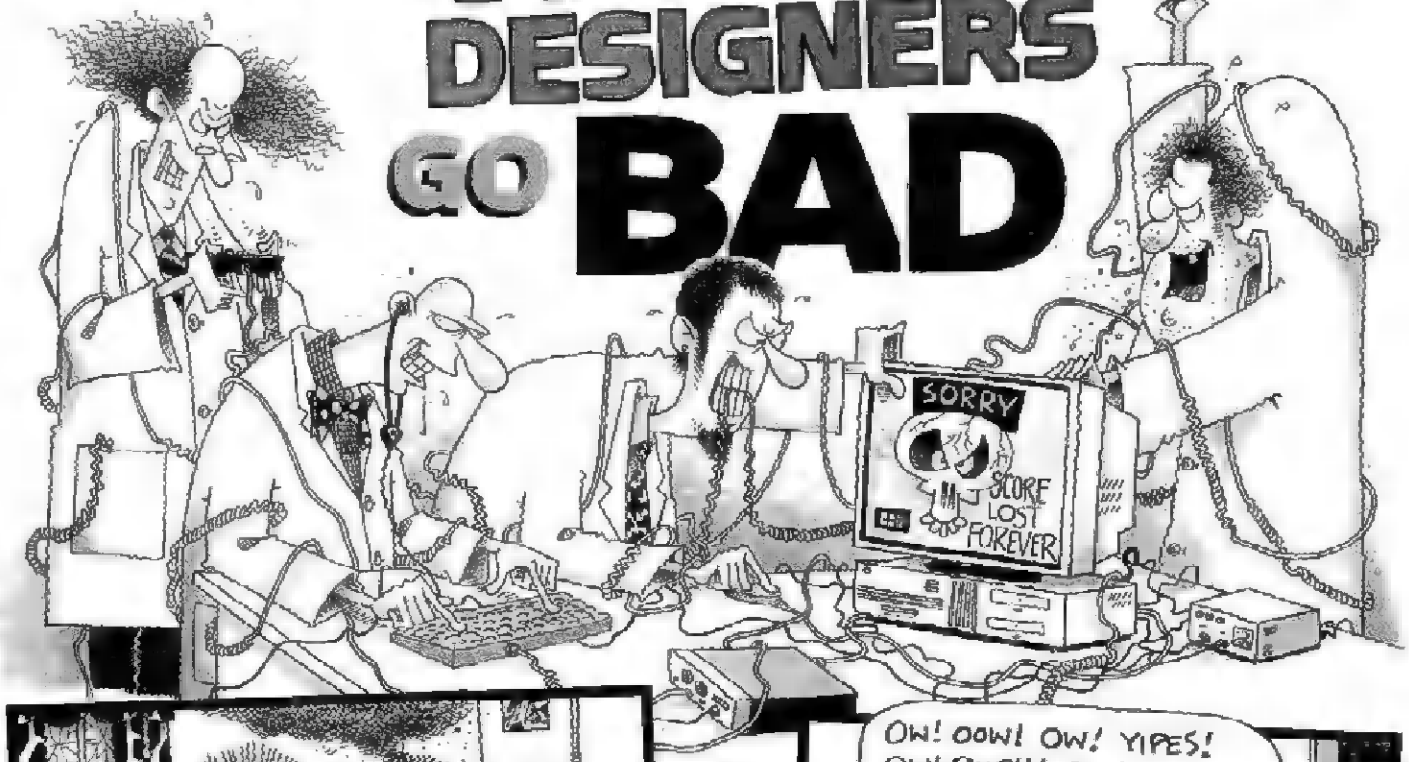
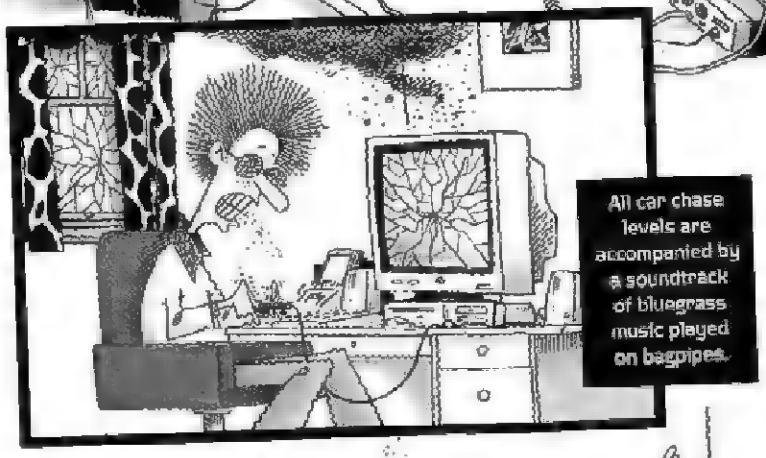
A CREEP AT THE CONTROLS DEPT.

Video games are supposed to ■ a fun way ■ blow off steam and kill some time. Or *are* they? Behind every happy-go-lucky game, there's a twisted, bitter creator who's one cheat code away from completely snapping. So, enjoy your precious gaming — but be on the lookout for the signs of...

JOHN CALDWELL'S

WHEN VIDEO GAME DESIGNERS GO BAD





All car chase levels are accompanied by a soundtrack of bluegrass music played on bagpipes.

Goes out of his way to work rigorous, carpal tunnel-inducing fight codes into all ■ his games.

When selecting video captures for his ninja combat game, relies less on choreographed martial arts displays and more on bum fights.

ARTIST AND WRITER:
JOHN CALDWELL

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DRY CLEANING PICKED UP... PROCEED TO BAKERY.
For every exciting secret mission you get to complete, there are a dozen mundane errands that also have to be run.
Spectacular car crashes are drained of all their fun and excitement by the "real time" wait for AAA roadside assistance.
The game gives you bonus points for smoking.
MUST MAIL ALL CASH TO SID MEIER...
U.S. POST OFFICE
Peppers entire game with hypnotic, self-serving subliminal messages.
YOUR AUBURN LOCKS AS THEY CASCADE DOWN TO FRAME YOUR INTENSELY BEAUTIFUL DEEP AZURE EYES, HAVE INSPIRED ME TO PEN THIS SONNET!
SHUT UP AND SHOOT HER, YOU DUMB BASTARD!!
Gritty, revenge-themed storyline is randomly interrupted by chick flick subplots that are impossible to skip.
BONUS!
The Level 5 bonus feature on each of his games: a digital photo of his ex-girlfriend on the can.

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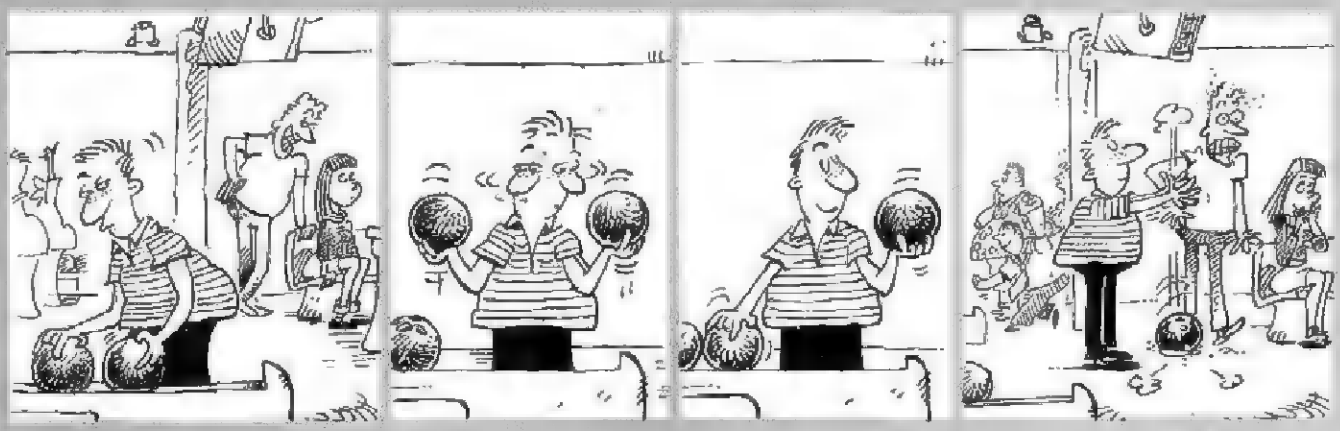
SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPT.

SERGIO ARAGONÉS PRESENTS A MAD LOOK



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AT BOWLING

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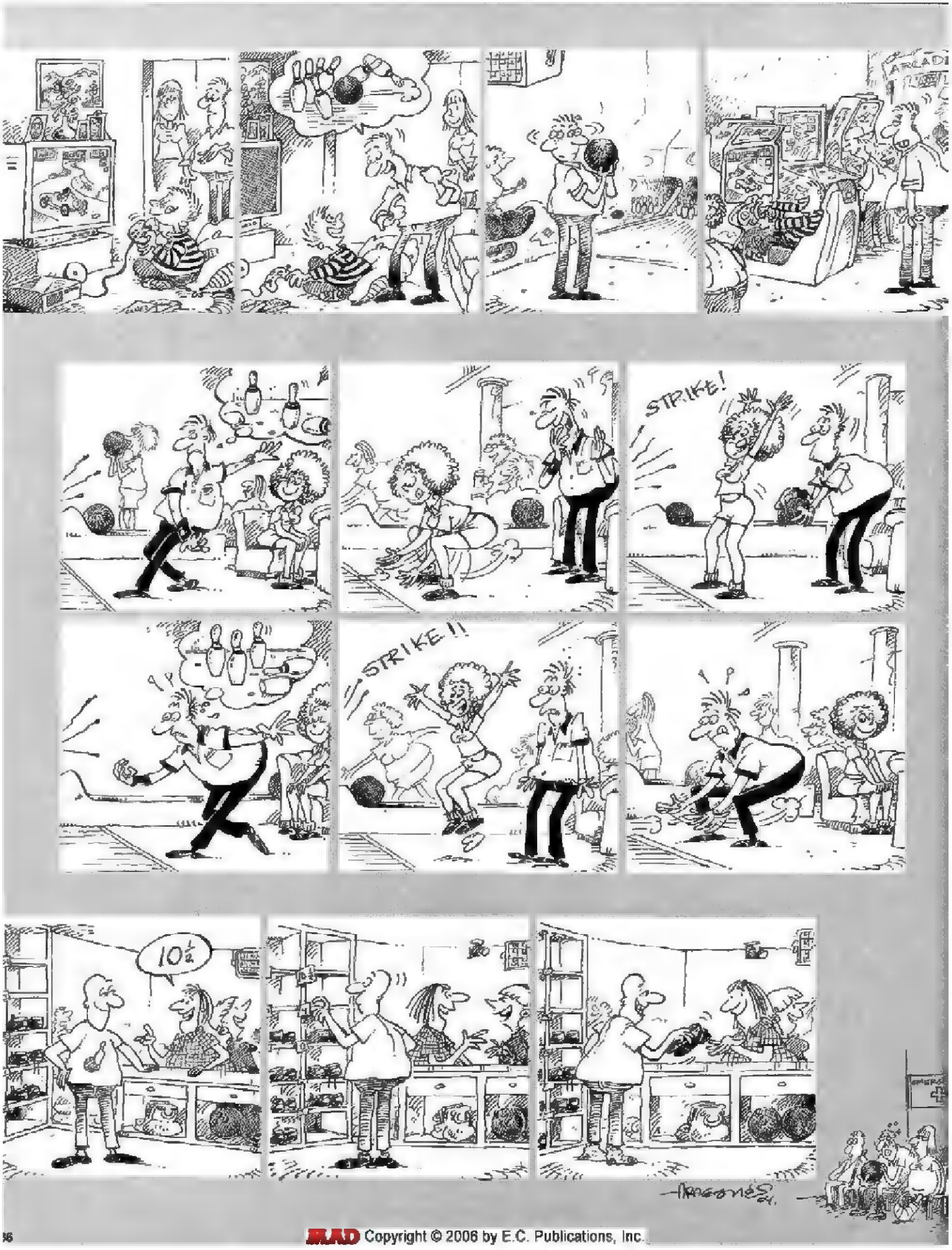

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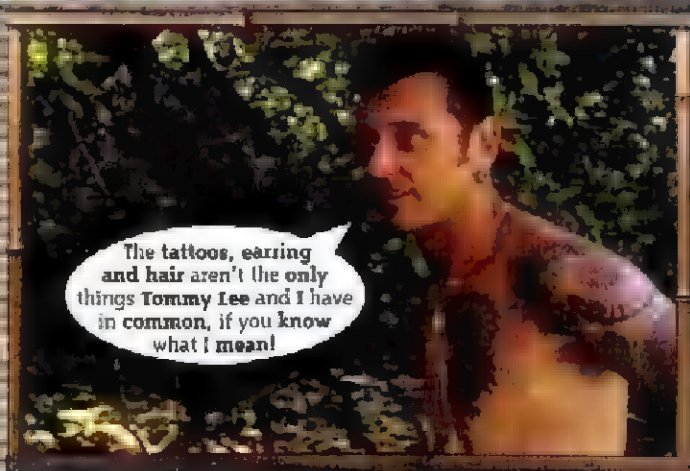
THE TRITE HAS SPOKEN DEPT

MAD'S LESS-THAN-STELLAR OUTTAKES FROM SURVIVOR ALL-STARS

Quit your whining about the blatant product placements on this show and help me look for the Budweiser crate and the Frito-Lay crate!



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Tree Mail's in! Let's see...*Daily Variety*...*The Hollywood Reporter*...hey, Amber, here's the contract for that L'Oreal endorsement deal of yours!
There, there... I'm sure *somebody* will tape the last episode of *Friends* and let you watch it after we get back to civilization!
Yeah, I guess it IS just like the lighting on the Paris Hilton sex tape — why do you ask?
Sheesh! You pee on a guy's hand on network television just ONE TIME and everyone calls you "crazy lady"!
Relax — I'm just laying the groundwork for another "Girl/Girl" pictorial in *Playboy*, in case neither of us wins!
I'm just waiting for that old geezer Rudy to keel over and then it's dinner time on the Pearl Islands!

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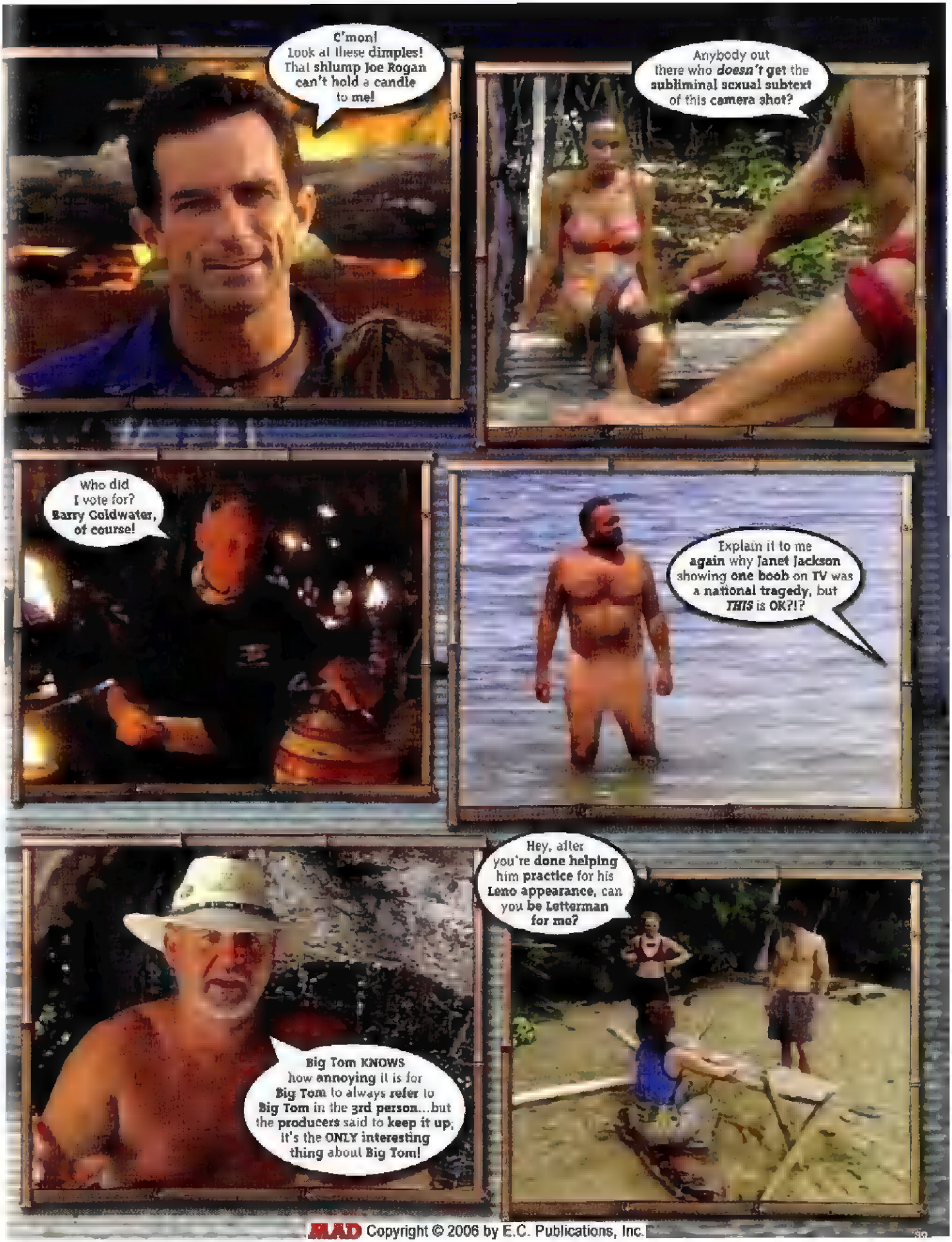
C'mon! Look at these dimples! That shlump Joe Rogan can't hold a candle to me!
Anybody out there who doesn't get the subliminal sexual subtext of this camera shot?
Who did I vote for? Barry Goldwater, of course!
Explain it to me again why Janet Jackson showing one boob on TV was a national tragedy, but THIS is OK?!?
Big Tom KNOWS how annoying it is for Big Tom to always refer to Big Tom in the 3rd person...but the producers said to keep it up; it's the ONLY interesting thing about Big Tom!
Hey, after you're done helping him practice for his Leno appearance, can you be Letterman for me?

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BARGAIN DEBASEMENT DEPT.

If you or your parents (or, more likely, your *grandparents*) have ever been to Las Vegas, you've probably seen the famous "Funbooks" given out all over town, chock full of popular coupons for Vegas-y things like: a FREE Slot-Machine pull...HALF-OFF Admission to see "Melinda, the Scantily-Clad Female Magician" at The Sahara...or a 2-FOR-1 99¢ lobster buffet! Well, look out American vacationers, because here come...

COUPON FUNBOOKS FOR PLACES OTHER THAN *Las Vegas*

Present this coupon to your kidnapper and receive a
25% DISCOUNT OFF YOUR
RANSOM!*
*Not to be combined with other kidnapping offers

ARTISTS: SCOTT BRICHER
TIMOTHY SHAMEL

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RAMALLAH
PALESTINIAN WEST BANK
Funbook
FREE
SMILING PHOTO OP WITH THIS WEEK'S VISITING U.S. PEACE NEGOTIATOR!
HALF OFF
Your room rate if an Israeli artillery shell takes HALF OFF your room!*
*Minibar charges and pay-per-view movie fees still apply
GOOD FOR ONE (1)
Certificate of Authenticity
SOUVENIR ROCK
Souvenir Rock actually thrown by a Palestinian child during the Intifada!*
*Not valid on rocks caked with blood
INCLUDES CERTIFICATE OF AUTHENTICITY!
PYONGYANG NORTH KOREA FUNBOOK
COMPLIMENTARY AUTHENTIC NATIVE DIRT LUNCH!*
*Offer does not include trips to insect "Fixin's Bar"
10% OFF
Regular salon price of a "JONG-IL" haircut!*
Look just like our beloved, always supremely-fashionable Leader!
(No appointment needed — takes just three minutes!)
*Extra charge for shampoo and cream rinse.
ADMIT ONE
TO THE NEXT UNANNOUNCED TEST-FIRING OF A BALLISTIC MISSILE OVER SOUTH KOREA OR JAPAN!
The fireworks...
the civilian panic...
the indignation from world leaders!
IT'S THE MOST CHILLING SHOW ON EARTH!
*Offer not valid to employees of the C.I.A. and their families. B.Y.O. Lead Smock!
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PARIS FRANCE
FUNBOOK
ONE FREE
Lecture About "AMERICAN IMPERIALISM"
From an effete, surrender-prone French person!
ESCARGOTS 179,00 €
ZE REALLY SMELLY CHEESE 85,00 €
FOIE GRAS 295,00 €
ZE FREEDOM FRIES 901,10 €
10% OFF already-inflated price of ANY substance labeled "Gourmet" food
Good for ONE feigned Parisian SMILE during your visit*
*Good for one smile only—NOT transferable. Offer does not guarantee the absence of muttering.
Saudi Arabia!
RIYADH FUNBOOK
TWO FREE SHOW TICKETS
to weekly taping of Saudi Arabia's hottest reality TV shows! Choose either Stoning-of-the-Adulterers or Beheading-of-the-Thieves in Public Square (These are not dramatizations!) You catch it, you keep it!
*Spectators in first 3 rows WILL get wet — don't wear clothes you care about.
ONE COMPLIMENTARY (and mandatory) BURQA for every female visitor!
ONE (and only one) COMPLIMENTARY REPRIEVE from beating by religious police for not wearing complimentary (and mandatory) BURQA!
AN ACTUAL BARREL OF SAUDI CRUDE OIL FOR ONLY_
(Price subject to the whims of the sheikhs)
$70

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BEIJING CHINA FUNBOOK
GOOD FOR ONE
HEALTHY VITAL ORGAN OF YOUR CHOICE HARVESTED FROM A RECENTLY EXECUTED POLITICAL PRISONER!*
*Does not include spleens. Tissue match not guaranteed. Customer must supply own organ-carrying cooler.
FREE UPGRADE
to SEMI-private quarantine once you are believed to have contracted SARS!
FREE
Tour of state-run SWEATSHOP where some of your favorite name-brand footwear & clothing is made!
NEW & IMPROVED
FREE REPUBLIC OF IRAQ
BAGHDAD FUNBOOK
FREE
Photo with former Saddam "decoy double"!
(Or IS it?)
TICKETS
HALF OFF!
Admission on Saddam's Grand Royal Palace Tour*
(Over 300 locations to choose from!)
*Excludes Uday's summer residence. Please, no looting!
10 FREE
whacks with your shoe on the toppled Saddam statue of your choice!*
*Not responsible for wall or damaged footwear. Sorry, no refunds.
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TREAT. DON'T FAIL ME NOW DEPT.
EV
You've died and left me with the two kids! I'm a mess, Julie!
Sure, outside I'm still ruggedly handsome, but inside, there's turmoil!
You're on the right track, though. You've moved to a place I fell in love with before I died — the most beautiful town I've ever seen! Unfortunately, you'll find that the people here are...
This is Colorado!
Excuse me, I'm a world-famous brain surgeon who's given up a lucrative practice in New York to come to the tiny town of Everwooden to work for free! Am I headed in the right direction?
Yup! The Colorado Mental Deficiency Institute is right up the road!
Seethin, why are you so brooding and angry?
We've been uprooted and shipped to a foreign, primitive land!
Exactly! Next to Manhattan, Colorado IS a foreign, primitive land!
A big city professional trades the New York excitement for life in a quirky small town! What a unique concept!
Unique!? It's basically Ed without the bowling alley!
With the arrival of Antsy Brawn there are now two doctors in town, Dr. Brawn and Dr. Babbit!
Tough decision. Who should we go to?
Hmm, let's see...one doctor is a handsome, newly-widowed, world-renowned surgeon who runs a free clinic! The other doctor is an arrogant dork who doesn't make house calls, charges exorbitant fees and has the personality of an umbrella stand! Yeah, it's a real dilemma!
It's like two concerts playing in town! Who're you gonna go to — Justin Timberlake or Kenny G?
So, what's the story on this new kid, Seethin?
He went to high school in New York, where he majored in "Morose 101." Word is he's difficult, moody and screwed up!
Cool! I'm starting to dig him already!
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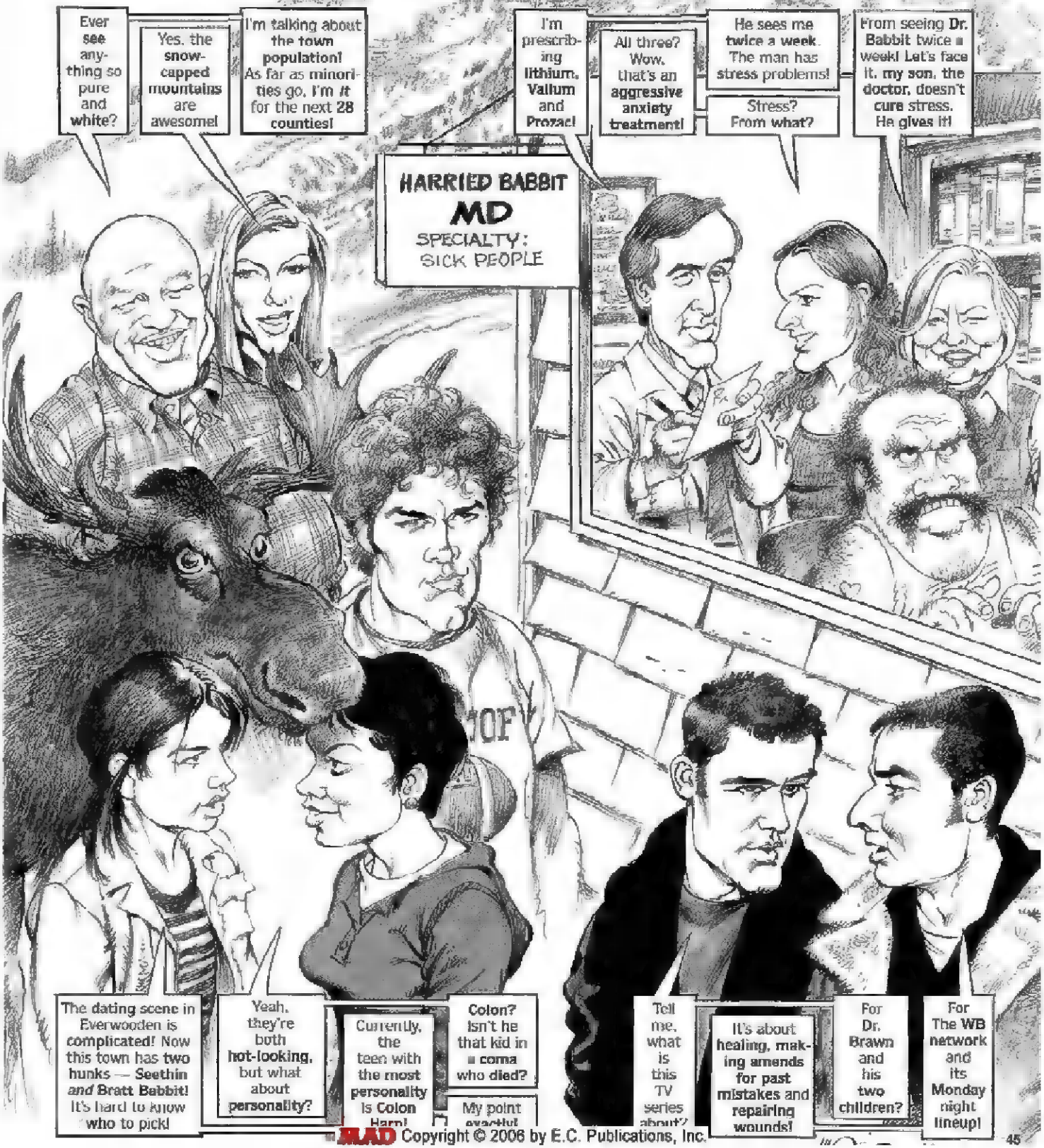
ERWOODEN

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: JOSH GORDON


Ever see anything so pure and white?
Yes, the snow-capped mountains are awesome!
I'm talking about the town population! As far as minorities go, I'm it for the next 28 counties!
I'm prescribing lithium, Valium and Prozac!
All three? Wow, that's an aggressive anxiety treatment!
He sees me twice a week. The man has stress problems!
Stress? From what?
From seeing Dr. Babbit twice a week! Let's face it, my son, the doctor, doesn't cure stress. He gives it!
HARRIED BABBIT MD
SPECIALTY: SICK PEOPLE
The dating scene in Everwooden is complicated! Now this town has two hunks — Seethin and Bratt Babbit! It's hard to know who to pick!
Yeah, they're both hot-looking, but what about personality?
Currently, the teen with the most personality is Colon Harp!
Colon? Isn't he that kid in a coma who died?
My point exactly!
Tell me, what is this TV series about?
It's about healing, making amends for past mistakes and repairing wounds!
For Dr. Brawn and his two children?
For The WB network and its Monday night lineup!

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I hate you! I wish you had died instead of Mom!
I hate you right back, twerp!
I hope your beard grows and attacks you! You may be a brilliant brain surgeon but you suck as a parent!
Okay, I wasn't much of a father in New York! I didn't take you to ball games and museums! But I'm going to make it up to you! What we need is some father-son bonding!
Y'know, son, I have a feeling there isn't as much culture here in Everwooden as there is in New York City!
MUSEUM OF THE MOOSE
MOOSE EXHIBIT
How can you afford to run a free medical clinic? Exactly how much did you sock away as a brain surgeon in New York?
Enough to be comfortable! I have everything I need!
Except a beard trimmer! We haven't seen facial hair like that since they found Saddam!
Brawn, you took my patients, my mother left me to work as your assistant and your son is about to run off with my daughter!
The good news, Doctor, is you don't have to worry about your wardrobe! That's pretty much safe with you!
Dr. Brawn, you're a world-class surgeon, can you breathe life and spirit into him? Can you give him a brain?
Gamey, I'm a neurosurgeon, not a miracle worker! Colon's dead! You have to move on!
Not Colon! I'm talking about my brother, Bratt!
I've been in love with you ever since I first locked eyes on you!
We've got a lot in common, Seethin! We're both the prettiest people in town — and the moodiest!
Gamey, I think we're ready for a long-term commitment!
Exactly what do you call a long-term commitment?
About six weeks!
Six weeks? That's it?
On prime time TV, that's a long-term commitment!

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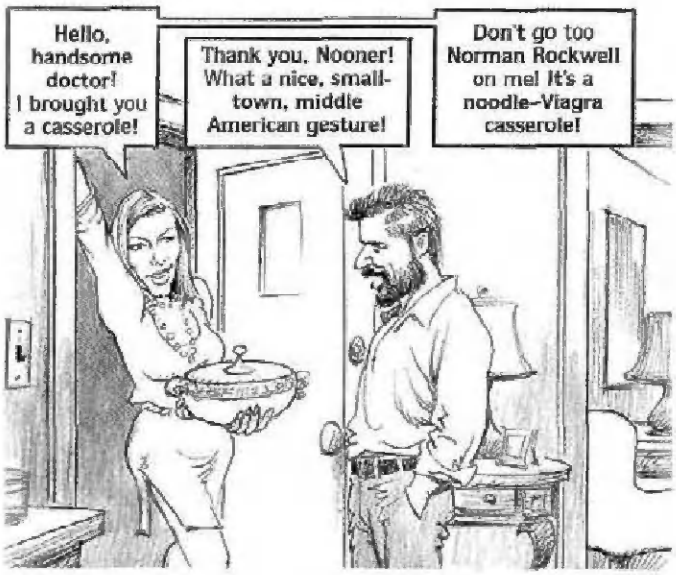
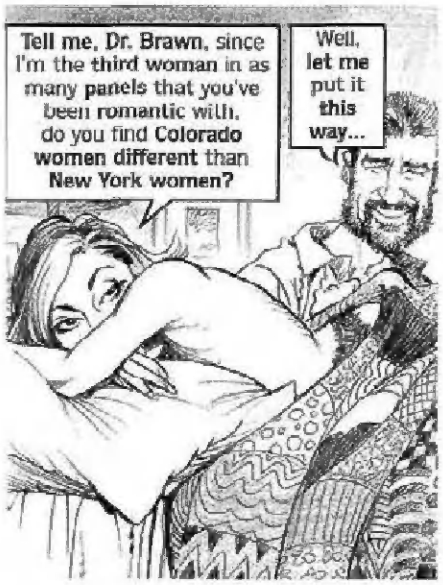
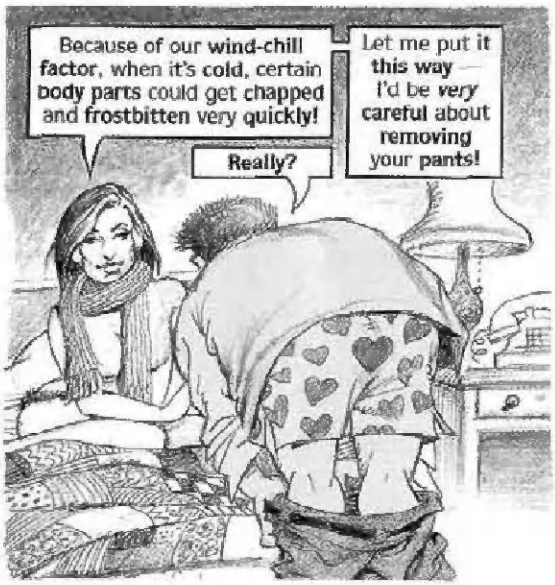
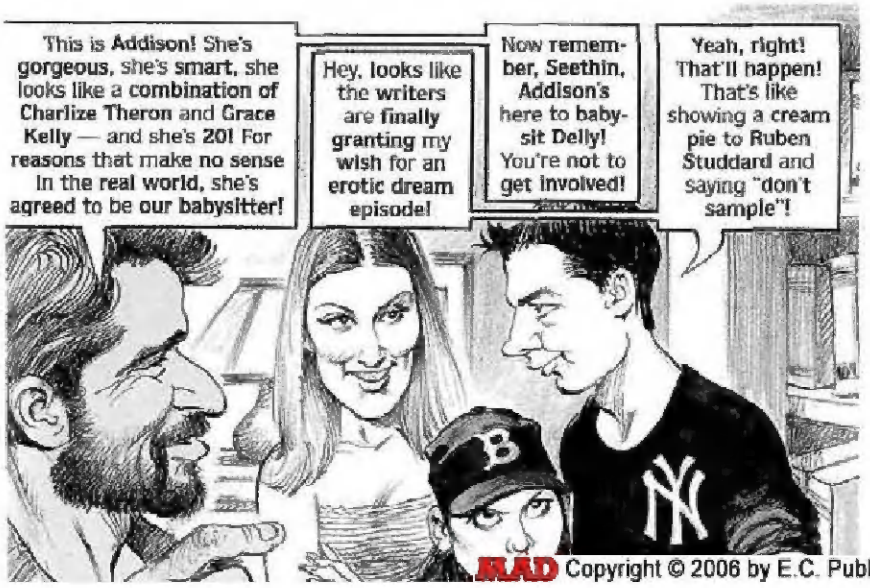

Hello, handsome doctor! I brought you a casserole!
Thank you, Nooner! What a nice, small-town, middle American gesture!
Don't go too Norman Rockwell on me! It's a noodle-Viagra casserole!

I think I'm falling for you, Antsy!
Uh, frankly, Mylanta, I'm rather concerned and frightened about your past!
You found out I contracted HIV in Africa?
No! I found out you were the wacko from *Melrose Place!*


Tell me, Dr. Brawn, since I'm the third woman in as many panels that you've been romantic with, do you find Colorado women different than New York women?
Well, let me put it this way...


Because of our wind-chill factor, when it's cold, certain body parts could get chapped and frostbitten very quickly!
Really?
Let me put it this way — I'd be *very* careful about removing your pants!


This is Addison! She's gorgeous, she's smart, she looks like a combination of Charlize Theron and Grace Kelly — and she's 20! For reasons that make no sense in the real world, she's agreed to be our babysitter!
Hey, looks like the writers are finally granting my wish for an erotic dream episode!
Now remember, Seethin, Addison's here to babysit Delly! You're not to get involved!
Yeah, right! That'll happen! That's like showing a cream pie to Ruben Studdard and saying "don't sample"!

Hey, this is great! But shouldn't you be watching my sister?
Actually, there's more plot opportunities if your sister is watching us!
You're incredible! What are you studying in college?
I'm a philosophy major and I'm minoring in "Ho"!

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Incredible! That's Chopin's Impromptu number 4, Opus 69!
Your son is a brilliant classical pianist!
We must nurture and develop that talent! We have to take him to the next step!
What is this?
In Colorado, *this* is the next step! We don't have a great symphony orchestra — but high school marching bands? Plenty!
I thought we'd spend time hanging at the Everwooden video and book store!
I've heard of video, but what's that second thing again?
They're called books, Gamey! Lots of people have them! They're like books on tape...but it's on paper!
Wow! Incredible technology, man!
BOOKS
Sale! MAD ABOUT THE FIFTIES
MAD ABOUT THE OSCARS
BOOK SIGNING TODAY
MAD ABOUT DAD
What's going on?
Big yearly event! Most exciting thing to happen to Everwooden! Every year it pumps up the city!
What is it?
The annual convention of vinyl floor salesmen!
Whoooeee! I better order more Valium so we calm everyone down!
FLOWERS
Awesome, isn't it? Colorado is the most beautiful state in the Union!
People are yearning for places like Colorado! Places that are clean, pure and innocent!
Aren't you forgetting the JonBenet Ramsey thing, the Columbine High School shooting and the Kobe trial?
Okay, so we've got a few little glitches!
Hey, where's everyone going?
We're splitting, Dad! We're out of here!
This place is dullsville, man! It's just nothing after another!
By Wednesday, we can be in *Smallville* where the real action is!
They have huge medical problems there! People are turning colors, being plagued by meteor showers and infected by some weird virus called Kryptonite! That's the place where I'm *really* needed!
GREYHOUND
BUST-IT

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WHERE ARE AMERICAN BOYS UNDER CONSTANT ATTACK?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

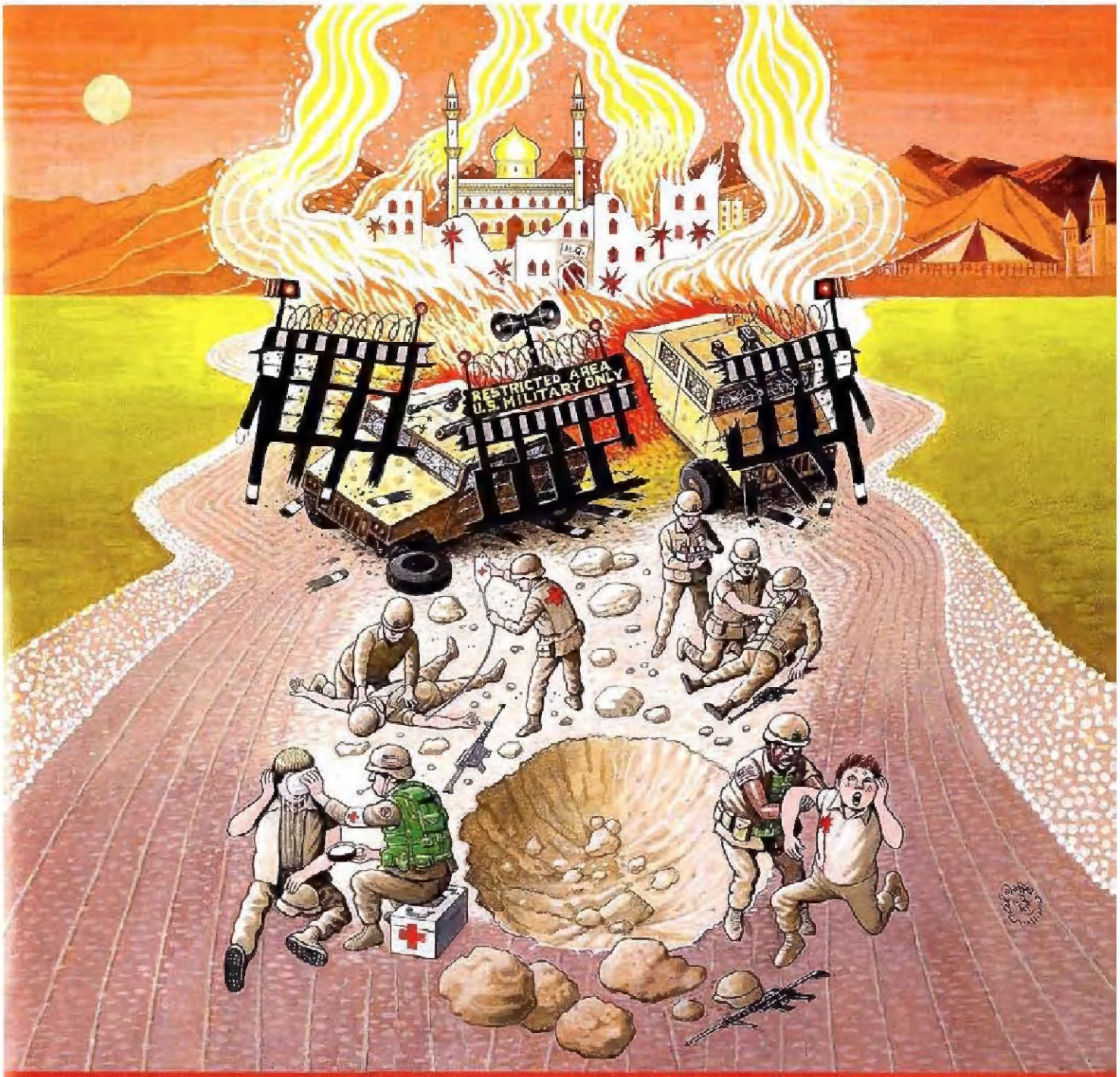
MAD FOLD-IN

Each year, countless young men are shipped off to a hostile environment where they face unspeakable peril and are forced to fend for themselves. To find out where this dangerous struggle takes place, fold page in as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



NEWS OF ATTACKS ON AMERICAN BOYS IS OVERWHELMING PUBLIC EMOTIONS. WE'D ALL LIKE TO SEE IT END. FEARFUL MOTHERS AND FATHERS OF VICTIMS CLAIM THIS IS RAPIDLY CREATING AN INTERNATIONAL STENCH

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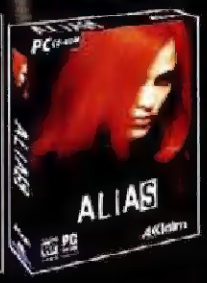

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